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JOHN BULL

Vol. IX. No. 237 SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1910. ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

For meaning of this No. see Page iii. of cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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Bechstein; 20 other pianos, all makes, to be sold without any reserve; 150 oil paintings unframed; grandfather's clock in oak case, £5 17s. 6d.; and a very fine chiming grandfather's clock, in Sheraton case, 18gns.; 50 carpets, hardly soiled, from 10s.; some very fine Mirzapore, Turkey, and Oriental carpets to be sold without any reserve, a quantity of electric light fittings; 20 volumes of books; large quantity of silk draperies, gilt mirrors, etc. A miniature brougham and a Parisian victoria; a 14 h.p. motor-car, and another 24 h.p. motor-car; two large motor-coats and a quantity of furs, etc. Country and other buyers should call at once and see these goods. All goods will be delivered in town or country perfectly free of charge, or can be stored till required. The above goods are now on view, and are being sold daily from nine till nine, except Saturday, when we close at seven o'clock, at

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J. B., Dec. 17/10. .....

JOHN BULL.

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The John Bull League.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Have you secured your copy of *John and Mary*—the combined Christmas Number of this journal and *Mrs. Bull?* If not, get it—if you can.

It is too early, at the time of going to press, to sum up the political situation. Next week we shall have all the election results before us, and then we shall indicate what we conceive to be the only way out of the present deadlock. Another General Election is out of the question. So is another Conference—at any rate, on anything like the old lines. The public has had a "belly-full" of these dishes, and will resolutely decline to swallow any more.

Here is a summary of the London position from the *Star*:—

> The net result is that we have won three seats in London. Including West Ham and excluding London University, there are 61 seats in London, and we hold 31 of them (including South Hackney) and the Unionists 30.

In other words, South Hackney is the key to the London position—and our Editor is member for the Metropolis!

Naturally, we look upon the result of the South Hackney election as the most important and interesting of all. Despite the most variegated combination of forces with which a candidate ever had to contend, and on an old Register and a greatly reduced poll, we have come out with a two thousand majority for Sane Democracy, Common Sense, and Business Efficiency in the government of the country. Not only had we to fight two orthodox champions of the hard and fast Party system. Our journalistic work has brought us up against many interests, and thus our opponents were reinforced by Teetotal fanatics, Singer Sewing Machine and Cash Register canvassers, and Salvation Army enthusiasts from the Clapton Congress Hall. But all to no purpose. South Hackney is a great democratic constituency—the kind of constituency which, in the past, made political history; and it is about to make it again.

And now, we must wait for the meeting of the new Parliament. For ourselves, we do not anticipate any very heroic times. What the counsels of the late King have failed to accomplish, may be brought about by the intervention of Father Christmas. In any case, there will be no revolution. That is the only certain thing about the crisis—except, of course, that it has knocked the stuffing out of the old Party system, which is now as dead as Queen Anne's grandmother.

Meanwhile, we have had a few words to say, in another column, to the Chief Government Whip.

Can it be that our contemporary, the *Standard*, is coming over to our Business Government idea? Listen to this in commenting upon the insincerity of the mutual recriminations of Party candidates: "The game grows stale; people are tired of it." And here is dear old Mr. *Punch*, too, depicting two rival candidates editing each other's speeches, full of abusive invective towards themselves. Yes, the game does indeed grow stale—in fact, it stinks.

At the time of going to press with this page, we have just returned from a John Bull League meeting in the Colston Hall, Bristol—undoubtedly the finest meeting place outside London. Notwithstanding that the building is capable of accommodating 6,000 people, and that it was a drizzling wet night, several thousands were turned away. And this on the top of the elections! Surely, we are getting on!

It appears that England is not alone in needing a Business Government. Quite an excitement has been occasioned in France by the deficiencies of the police system. The various reports are somewhat conflicting, but they all tend to show that the case of Captain Meynier was grossly mismanaged. He was wanted for murder, but he seems to have gone about quite calmly for a number of days without capture. Indeed, one paper publishes a picture of him carrying his own photograph in his hand, while a policeman is calmly looking on. It was pointed out that no more than ten inspectors were instructed to look for him, whereas if he had been wanted for murder in London, there would have been about 12,000 policemen on his track. In the end, he was caught only because he had the assurance to go and pay a call on a friend at the Ministry of Marine. No wonder that crimes of violence often go unpunished in Paris and that it is regarded as far and away the most dangerous capital in the world.

Another characteristic French excitement has turned upon the mysterious disappearance of a telephone exchange. A vote was passed in 1906 for its construction. It was to have 10,000 subscribers in the neighbourhood of the St. Lazare Station. Then suddenly in December, 1910, it occurred to some inquisitive person to look for it. Good gracious, it was not to be found! Was it lost, stolen, or strayed? The newspapers began to offer rewards for its discovery, but so far the search has been fruitless, and the wits assert that the only hope is for it to go and give itself up at the Ministry of Marine.

By the way, we are much interested in the beautiful example of religious tolerance set to the Roman Catholics of Ireland by the members of the County Antrim Orange Lodge at Ballymena. At the last convivial meeting of that assembly, the Charter Toast was proposed and enthusiastically honoured by the entire company present. After invoking the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great and good King William, who "saved us all from Pope and Popery, knaves and knavery, slaves and slavery, brass money and wooden shoes," this beautiful toast proceeds: "And all who refuse to drink this toast, may they be rammed, stammed, crammed, and damned into the great gun of Athlone, to be blown over the hills of damnation. May their teeth be converted into paving-stones to pave the way of the croppies into hell, and their blood into train oil to light their souls into damnation;" and so on and so forth. For a beautiful, lucid, and comprehensive curse this toast must be hard to beat.

Why will people use long words when simple ones would do as well? Just listen to this. It is a question handed up to us, during the recent election, at a meeting of working men in Hackney Wick:—

> Is it not true that all the laws that man as ever made, fail in so far that the logic on which they rest is not in corespondence with his ineradicable instincts which are involved in environment and heredity?

Of course we had to say it was.

Mr. F. G. Hindle must go on the list of supporters of our Dormant Bank Balances Bill. Speaking at an Old Folks' Treat a few days since, he stated that in 1878 he placed in the Darwen Society £62 10s. in the name of his wife. Pressure of business drove all memory of that investment out of his head, but after a lapse of thirty years he was informed that his £62 10s. had grown to £185 18s. 6d. "If I had invested in a bank and forgotten," he added, "I should have heard nothing further. The money would have been placed to the reserve, suspense, or some other mysterious fund." Not a doubt of it.

Will anybody send a supply of down quilts and pillows round to the Finsbury Borough Council? It is rather chilly at this time of the year, and the ratepayers are doubtless anxious that the slumbers of the sanitary authorities should be serene and comfy. Meanwhile, can anybody do anything to alleviate the insanitary insalubrity of the district? People who walk as late as ten o'clock any morning between Moorgate Street and the City find the streets strewn with refuse and litter, dust-bins not cleared away, and brewers' draymen erecting barricades of barrels and ropes across the pavement. This past summer, at 9.30 in the morning, it has been a common sight to see a long line of reeking dust-bins being pulled about under the noses of pedestrians by little ragamuffins searching for hidden treasure, strewing the contents about the pavements and probably filling the air with every variety of dangerous germ possible to a garbage nest. Contributors of quilts and blankets for the bed of the Sanitary Inspector should tread lightly. They may wake him up.

As bearing upon the paragraph in our issue of November 26th about the unbusiness-like methods of the West Riding Education Committee in the matter of paying their teachers, a correspondent tells us that teachers in Carmarthenshire have to put up with the same delay in the payment of their monthly salaries. For some years it has been the practice of the Education Authorities to pay the teachers of the Council their monthly salaries upon the second Thursday of the following month. This curious variation from the rule of paying the teachers on the last day of the month dates from about 1905, when a Science Master of French nationality left his post in a Secondary School after he had received his salary, without having given the usual month's notice. Thereupon it was resolved by the Committee to withhold the salary of all the teachers in Carmarthenshire in the way mentioned above, to prevent, we suppose, a recurrence of the incident. Why in the name of common sense should there be any difference between any two counties in respect of the payment of teachers' salaries? They are due on the first of the month and should be paid on the first of the month.

When Mr. Bonar Law got down to North-West Manchester, he was so certain of victory that he immediately suggested that Mr. Churchill should forsake Dundee, and exchange candidatures with his opponent, Sir George Kemp. Nothing could have been more characteristic in its way than Winston's reply. "I think Law had better fight it out with Sir George Kemp," he said. "We will see whether there is anything left to take on after that." As events have proved, there is nothing left to take on. But it was a sporting thing on Mr. Bonar Law's part, all the same.

And the same remark applies to the brilliant and gallant young K.C., Mr. Hemmerde. He gave up a very safe seat in Wales in order to take on Lord Charles Beresford in Portsmouth—encouraged, of course, by the fact that this time there was no independent candidate to split the Radical vote, But "Charlie" is as safe at Portsmouth as we are at South Hackney. Still, he was kept away from other constituencies for a fortnight—and that was something.

For 32 years William Sewell, of 333, Winchester Street, Pimlico, was in the employment of the Civil Service Stores, Haymarket. Recently, Sewell was dismissed at a week's notice, the reason given being change in establishment. Soon afterwards, Sewell was taken ill looking for work, and he was said to be half-starved. And shortly afterwards he died. That's all.

The fact that the building operations at Rosyth are attracting a large number of men who tramp long distances in hope of finding work, has apparently come to Sheriff Shennon, of Dunfermline, as an awful shock. Though ten men charged before him with trespassing explained that all they wanted on or off the premises was a job, the sheriff fined them 7s. 6d. each, or three days. As the whole earthly capital of the lot was 7½d., however much they may have had accumulated for them in their mansions in the skies, the judgment of this magistrate is either absurdity or humbug. If the man has ever been to school, he knows that tens into 7½d. "go" about nothing, and that he had no more chance of getting the fine out of any one of them than he had of getting butter out of a dog's throat. What he ought to have said on the conclusion of the evidence was, "I'll teach you to try and get work, you scoundrels. Do three days, and if ever I catch you at it again, I shall send you down for a month." Let him imagine he is across our knees, face downwards.

One of the greatest mistakes Crippen ever made in his life was in not avoiding his "key numbers." According to Cheiro, the amazing gentleman who can see through a brick wall as far as most people, if not farther, Crippen's key numbers were fours and eights; so that, if he had only stuck to fives and nines he might have been a respected, honoured, and unhanged citizen. It was his obvious duty to avoid the year he was born in, '62, for 6 and 2 are 8; likewise, he should have stayed away from that dinner with the Martinetti's on January 31st, for 3 and 1 make 4. He made his statement to Inspector Dew on July 8, and then, to make things worse, he lets Dew find the remains in the cellar on July 13th, for again 3 and 1 are 4. Then the foolish man called himself "Robinson," a name of eight letters, when he might just as well have travelled as Brown or Smith. Not only so, but he sails in the *Montrose*, again a name of eight letters; comes back in the *Megantic* for trial, eight letters again; and, worst blunder of all, he allowed his key numbers to come together in the year he was hanged, being 48 years old when he was executed. We hope there is nobody living with key numbers like Crippen's, unless it is Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. John Redmond, Mr. Churchill, and Mr. F. E. Smith; then in due course we shall probably get a little peace. So will they.

What looks like a "moot point," as the lawyers say, is the decision of Judge Wheeler, K.C., in a case he has tried at the Edmonton County Court. A butcher's man, named Jarrett, who had the evening off and was returning on his bicycle from a visit to the girl of his heart, knocked down a married woman named Tower and damaged her. When she sued the man's master under the Employers' Liability Act, the judge held that as Jarrett was in his master's employ, though not on his master's business, the master was liable and must be mulcted accordingly. On this precedent, we take it that if our office boy, when he has his next Saturday afternoon off, runs over a member of the House of Lords or Judge Wheeler, we shall be liable for all damages to same. It is too awful to think of.

In granting an application for the extension of the music and dancing licence of St. Peter's Hall, at Bournemouth, for the purpose of a whist drive and dance, what did the chairman of magistrates, Captain Elwes, mean by saying it was strange that a hall built by subscription for the parish should be used for such a purpose as the application indicated? Have the police discovered anything objectionable about the whist drives and dances in the hall? If Captain Elwes wishes to insult the people who go to them, he had better do so openly and not in cryptic terms; then they will know what answer to make to him.

The more or less secret appointment of the nephew of the Lord Provost to be Stores Clerk of Edinburgh School Board, after much canvassing of the members, is not a matter for public satisfaction. In June last, not fewer than 182 applications were sent in for the post; the Board shilly-shallied month after month; and, finally, on November 21st they elected his lordship's nephew, but took no steps to have their decision reported in the press. This, at any rate, is our information; and, if it is true, why did not the Board come out of the dark?

We have been shown an advertisement: "ATHEIST, at present assurance agent, wants employment where he can be strictly honest; tired of lying." It is so rare for anybody to call himself an Atheist that we shrewdly suspect the advertisement to be a fake and the advertiser to be less tired of lying than he would have us believe.

Another fake? And the following seems to us libellous as well as anonymous: "Mister John Bull can yer tell me why a Member of parlement is alowd to have a nurs as missus of his house when she aint no relation but as he as took a fancy to her and calls her his ward to shut peoples mouths can yer make wards of young things of 30 years old. heaven help England—ask the Member of the Consertive for——." We strike out the name of the constituency lest we should be involved in a horrid law-suit at last.

With reference to Lop-Ear's recent article on Slavery, a clergyman writes to ask his authority for stating that missionaries have turned a blind eye to Congo atrocities. The answer is that, while these horrors are universally admitted, you never find missionaries protesting against them. If they had done so, it would be very easy for their active friends to give us a few instances. Missionaries are usually so noisy in their own defence and in the interests of their money-boxes that they would talk fast enough if they had anything to say in the matter.

A correspondent is agitated about the question of tradesmen being fined for causing an obstruction. We can quite well imagine that there is a good deal to be said on both sides. Tradesmen are entitled to display their wares to the best advantage, but the public must not be driven out into the wet roads because gaping crowds are attracted by dressed windows. At the same time, the whole question of obstruction is a difficult one, and we do not see why the proprietors of theatres should be allowed to do things which are forbidden to more useful commercial persons.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer evidently possesses a vivid, not to say lurid, imagination. We have been shown one of his articles about the pitfalls besetting innocent people in London. He tells a story of a well-dressed old lady pretending to faint in Regent Street and asking a young domestic servant to see her home in a cab, whereupon a solemn warning was proffered by a passing policeman that, if she entered the lady's house, she would never come out again. This does not sound to us very probable. If the policeman knew of such a dangerous establishment, he would surely have it raided. Such fanciful stories about incredible dangers only serve to make people disbelieve in real ones, and we wish people like Mr. Meyer would obtain a little elementary knowledge of life and human nature before putting themselves forward as authorities.

We notice with interest that the Wimborne Junior United Football Club announce with pride and pleasure that their ground is "near Hospital and Cemetery"—which must be very comforting to the players.

Perhaps the most ridiculous law-suit of the many humorous examples of litigation ever imagined was the dual breach of promise case in which each side was asking for damages because the other refused marriage. Each was insisting that the other should agree to marriage. We know all the protracted preliminaries of litigation—the lawyers' letters, writs, affidavits, pleas, briefs, instructions to counsel, proofs of evidence, and other moves in the game, before a case is set down for trial. Well, on this occasion all these were gone through, speeches were actually made in court, witnesses actually went into the box, before it suddenly occurred to somebody—the judge, by the way—that a simple solution of the difficulty was for the young couple to get married and live happily ever after. Solomon was not in it with this. Of course, it must be remembered that, besides the litigants themselves, the judge was the only person who had nothing to gain from the protraction of proceedings. Oh, for business litigation!

We certainly do take politics far less seriously than foreigners. Probably most of us, even the greatest admirers of the Home Secretary, were just a little wee bit shocked to hear of a gentleman being sent to prison for six weeks merely because he had attempted to assault him. But an almost identical case has just occurred in France. There is a group known as the Camelots du Roi. A camelot is a man who sells bootlaces and newspapers and vulgar postcards on the Boulevards. The roi in question is the Duke of Orleans. Accordingly, we suppose camelots du roi may be translated as Orleanist propagandists. Now their idea of propaganda seems to be very much that of the male suffragists, and one of them, a man named Lacour, recently tried to give the French Prime Minister a smack in the face. Whether he succeeded is not very clear. Anyhow, he was had up at the French equivalent for Bow Street, and no one seems a bit surprised to learn that he has been sent to prison for three years.

In this connection it is amusing to note the phraseology of the indictment. After a long description of the details of the outrage, we have this passage: "He did also in the same conditions commit an outrage by means of words tending to inculpate the Minister's honour and delicacy in the following terms: 'Down with Briand, mackerel and pig.'"! If the word pig is a reflection upon a man's delicacy, we wonder how the French prosecutor would define the precise import of the word cur, which was applied to Mr. Churchill. In the East, of course, we are in the habit of expressing our resentment by calling a man a dog or the son of a dog. Cur is, however, perhaps worse, for it implies a certain amount of hesitation about the excellence of the dog's pedigree.

The death of Mrs. Eddy will come as a great shock to Christian Scientists. For years and years it has been one of the calumnies of that very remarkable movement to state that Mrs. Eddy is dead and that therefore Christian Science can be but a feeble defence as a life-saving apparatus. The answer has always been to produce the lady after a great deal of trouble and recrimination. Now, however, this is no longer possible. All the same, without any prejudice in favour of her dogmas, it is only fair to recognise that she has lived far beyond the allotted span without any assistance from medical practitioners, and we should not be at all surprised to hear that statistics could be found to prove that the average Christian Scientist enjoys a far better and longer life than the average victim of medical experiments. Statistics can prove anything. For instance, when a man says he is cold and hungry, tell him he must be mistaken—and refer him to the Board of Trade returns!

At last the French have discovered something which they admit that we do better than themselves. They have been following our elections with some interest, and have come to the conclusion that our placards are ingenious, terse, attractive, clever and amusing—whereas they admit that their own are "huge sheets of paper covered with low abuse, printed in tiny, unreadable type." Here is a new profession for young men in search of employment. Why not go out and teach electioneering to all nations? We will gladly drop a copper into any missionary box which may be rattled for so laudable a purpose.

Somebody has been writing to the *Morning Post* to make a contrast between Mr. Lloyd George and Lord George Wellesley, who jumped into the Thames at Putney Bridge and rescued a drowning girl. We are told that Lord George only gave his name to the police on a very clear understanding that it should not be made public, and we are asked whether it is conceivable that Lloyd George could have acted with similar modesty. As Lloyd George has nothing whatever to do with Lord George, the inquiry is just about as reasonable as it would be to ask what Victor Grayson would have done if he had been in the position of Themistocles or Sisyphus. The commentator has evidently been struck by the similarity of the names. Otherwise he would not have invented so unnecessary a parallel. But, in any case, it must be remembered that Lloyd George is a politician. Meanwhile, we are content to ask how on earth it came to pass that Lord George's seal of secrecy was violated.

A correspondent makes some interesting statements about Jew candidates for Parliament. He reels off lists of Goldbergs, Goldstones, Goldmans, etc., and even twits Eurasians like Mr. Primrose, Mr. Lawson, Mr. Mallaby-Deeley and Baron de Forest. Now, we have no anti-Semitic prejudices—indeed, we feel very friendly towards the Hebrews and semi-Hebrews of our acquaintance. But we confess to a certain amount of surprise on learning that about one-eighth of the English constituencies adopted candidates of Jewish origin. Cynics will ask whether this fact has any relation to the coming payment of members! What an enterprising race they are, to be sure!

A really interesting point for those behind the scenes during the recent elections has been the struggle between Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George for the reversion of the Premiership. Lloyd George possesses great fluency of language and wealth of imagery, but is incapable of the restraint which comes with a Public School education. He did a good deal more to alienate supporters and votes by his Limehouse oratory than he will ever realise. Indeed, when his voice recently gave way there was considerable relief in the tents of the wire-pullers. Mr. Churchill was quick to seize the occasion and to turn it to his own ends. Indeed, as Mr. Lloyd George became more violent, *he* became more calm and conciliatory. And all these things are remembered. Still, we doubt whether either of our right honourable friends will secure the Premiership—neither of them being a Business man.

The following from the *Aberdeen Evening Gazette* may lead to misunderstandings:—"Major-General Sir R. Baden-Powell is spending a few days in our bonnie burgh just now, but during the past day or two a lively imagination is needed to discover the beauty." We do not know whether this is intended as a reflection on B.-P.'s manly features, or the burgh.

We are rather glad that Mr. Amery has been defeated at Bow and Bromley, for we were growing a little tired of the incessant talk about his strength and his travels and his honeymoon.

Our dear old friend, Sir Thomas Whittaker, has had a narrow squeak at Spen Valley. How are the mighty fallen!

We are still awaiting an explanation of how, during the recent election, the *Daily Mirror* came to be allowed to go into a Council school and take a photograph of one of the masters (who was standing as a Parliamentary candidate) teaching his class, for the purpose of reproduction. We suggest that the Education Committee should enquire into the matter.

Walthamstow evidently sympathised with Sir John Simon in being called upon to fight three elections in a year.

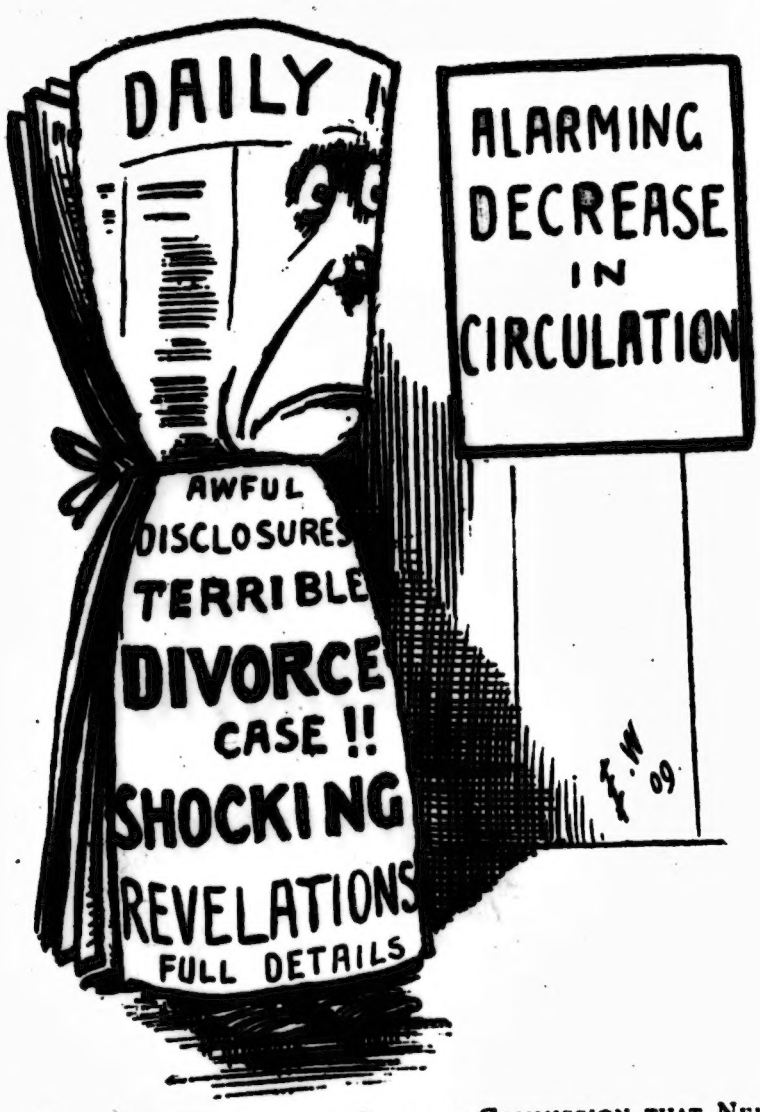
Rumours are again rife respecting a change in the Leadership of the Unionist Party. We may have something to say on the subject next week.

Two of the re-elections on the Unionist side which have given us most pleasure are those of Captain J. A Morrison and Major Norton Griffiths, both of whom are staunch supporters of the Business Government policy, and each of whom is, fortunately, sufficiently independent of the Party purse to be able to give his ideas full play.

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT":—

She was an Irish woman, and was applying to the magistrate for advice. Having mentioned many of the failings of her husband, she was asked: "Is there nothing more—have you, for instance, any reason to think he has been unfaithful to you?" To which came the prompt reply: "An' shure your honour I have—*I don't believe he was the father of my last child.*"

BAD NEWS



IT IS SUGGESTED TO THE DIVORCE COMMISSION THAT NEWSPAPER REPORTS SHOULD BE SHORN OF ALL SALACIOUS DETAIL.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

NOTICES.

AGE.—Biscuits are not given to general servants "2 to 22," or to veterans of 8 years of age. The ages of the former are often inscrutable, while the latter may be enjoying their second childhood.

PATENT MEDICINES.—We do not give biscuits to patent medicine vendors for the injunction to the public to get "the same pills as Mr. Robinson had."

BRIDEGROOMS.—No more wedding cake for these harmless, necessary adjuncts when they go away "in a costume of rose vieux, trimmed with glace, with hat to match." They evidently foresee who is destined to wear the breeches, and they are lucky to get away at all.

MARRIAGES IN THE DEATHS' COLUMN.—No biscuits for these. They are often the grave of love.

LODGERS.—No biscuits for widows who want young men to share room. Most of them do

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For stating, under the heading, "Not enough Milk," "One of the reasons for the present shortage was the hard weather of the last month, and another is the high price of BEER,"

THE DAILY MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in his election address: "There still remain the cases of the many who through sickness or temporary unemployment OFTEN LOSE THEIR LIVES AND BECOME UNEMPLOYABLE,"

MR. ARTHUR W. WILLS (Liberal Candidate for North Dorset)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

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*For advertising in the "Wants" column of the "Morning Post," "*PARLOURMAID; *able to carve, and* VALET THE BISHOP OF SOUTHWELL,"

MRS. E. HOSKYNS (Bishops Manor, Southwell)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, in its account of the Watford railway accident, "Doctors arrived on the scene promptly. . . . There were no doctors, unfortunately, on the scene for some time,"

THE STAR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For saying (according to "The Standard" and "Evening News," respectively): "The extraordinary part of it is this: that the House of Lords, as I say, is DEAD—*dead by surrender of its powers—and the only means by which you* CAN KEEP IT ALIVE, *even for a time, is by returning the present Government to power." "He had not read all the speeches of late, but he would try to pick up a few* CRUMBS *which had* CROPPED UP *since he spoke at Manchester, and which he thought were* ESSENTIAL TO CLEAR THE ATMOSPHERE,"

LORD ROSEBERY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For depicting in a cartoon, entitled "The Eve of Battle," the "Unionist ship" flying flags in such a manner as to indicate that the wind is blowing in two opposite directions—the Union Jack also being upside down,

THE DAILY EXPRESS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing on the programme of a concert: "This Sick-Benefit Society exists for the relief of the Railwaymen's Widows WHO CLEAN THE HEADQUARTERS OFFICES OF THE RAILWAY COMPANY AT YORK WHEN SICK AND UNABLE TO FOLLOW THEIR EMPLOYMENT,"

MR. R. POUNDER (N.E. Railway Offices, York)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, in its criticism of a play, "Into the midst of this (crowd) suddenly steps the BLIND *father, who,* SEEING *his daughter, curses her for all he is worth,"*

THE DAILY MALTA (sic) CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "Twice a day AND ONCE A WEEK *the hands should be rubbed all over with a slice of lemon,"*

THE WEEKLY DISPATCH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For imagining that the term "Their Royal Highnesses" included His Majesty King George,

IRELAND'S SATURDAY NIGHT (BELFAST)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

A POLITICAL POST-MORTEM

ON THE MINDS OF SOME OF THE M.P.'S WHO FELL DURING THE LATE FIGHT.

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

TOM WING (Grimsby): The Lord be praised! The most vacuous, empty-headed noodle who ever got into the House. Even the Party system should demand a modicum of intelligence in its votaries. The poor chap used to say that God had given him to Parliament. Well, what the Lord giveth the Lord hath taken away—blessed be the name of the Lord.

"TOMMY" BOWLES (King's Lynn): Everybody will regret the loss of Tommy. He combined the breezy air of a sailor with the ponderous dignity of a bookworm. Was very clever—but not as clever as he looked; that would have been an impossibility. But he had a personality, and would have been in the House still if he could have cultivated more toleration and have suffered fools more gladly. He will come back—and the sooner, the better.

A. BONAR LAW (Dulwich—and Manchester): As in 1906, he will "come in" when we have settled down. A fine debater, but a bit on the perky side. Was rather sorry for the intellectual poverty of his colleagues, and always came to their rescue by winding up a big debate. Is President of the Board of Trade elect—under the Party system.

E. G. HEMMERDE (Denbigh—and Portsmouth): Like Bonar Law, gave up a safe seat to fight a forlorn hope—and, like Bonar Law, with the certain knowledge that, after defeat, another safe seat would be found for him. And, again like Bonar Law, was impatient of the stupidity of his Party and ever ready to put them right. Was the Adonis of the Liberal benches, and far and away their most effective platform speaker. Was disappointed not to get the Solicitor-Generalship—and, as the Party game is played, ought to have had it.

HENRY VIVIAN (Birkenhead): A gruff, ill-mannered bear—with a mania for co-partnership, garden cities and other morbid topics.

C. E. MALLET (Plymouth): A well-groomed, smirky young man, who, by some mysterious back-door influence, smuggled himself on to the Treasury Bench.

HON. G. HOWARD (Eskdale): A weird fellow, always very busy doing nothing—especially after (also by occult means) he joined Messrs. Mallet, McKinnon Wood, Acland, Trevelyan, Illingworth, Masterman and the rest of His Majesty's Ministers.

MAJOR ADAM (Woolwich): Never quite hit it as an Army expert. Had a bee in his bonnet about the Fifth Lancers, but was very pertinacious when asking questions. Possessed the most rubicund face in the House.

G. ARBUTHNOT (Burnley): Once made an attack on the Irish on account of alleged crime in the country, and brought down upon himself, at the instance of Jerry McVeagh, statistics showing that there were more criminals in Burnley than in all Ireland.

E. A. BROTHERTON (Wakefield): A wealthy manufacturer, who rarely came to the House and was "unsound" on Tariff Reform—which didn't suit his business.

H. E. DUKE (Exeter): Signalised his return to the House, after an absence of five years, by seconding an amendment to the Sessional Orders on the first day it met—and did nothing else. Was expected to check the Parliamentary progress of "F.E.," but only accelerated it. Lacked the House of Commons style.

SIR WM. COLLINS (West St. Pancras): An amiable medical man, much spoilt by his Party. Never did anything in particular, but looked very important.

A. H. SCOTT (Ashton-under-Lyne): Typical orthodox Party man.

T. GLOVER (St. Helens): One of the best of the Labour men. Rarely spoke—and always wore a frock coat; was the inseparable companion of Stephen Walsh, who will be lost without him.

H. S. FOSTER (Lowestoft): Another of the frock-coated brigade, but with a bright flower always in his buttonhole. Secured the first seat below the gangway and took himself very seriously. Was never *persona grata* with his chiefs, having been "something in the City." A long-headed chap—strong on Tariff Reform.

SIR WM. DUNN (W. Southwark): Ran Major Adam close in the matter of healthy complexion. Bubbled over with good nature and the joy of life. Never seemed quite at ease in the House. Once asked a question when standing outside the Bar. Popular with everyone, and seemed to regard the whole thing as rather a joke.

H. C. GOOCH (Peckham): Brother of the godly Gooch, who lost his seat last January. Hero of the "Brewers' election." Strong teetotaler, whose sympathy with "the Trade" was always suspect. Will not be missed.

TIM HEALY (Louth): One of the few personalities of the House. Possessed a vitriolic tongue, but a warm heart and, in private life, a charming disposition. Master of seathing political epigram and sarcasm, and one of the shrewdest men on the Irish benches. Didn't like Redmond.

A. G. HOOPER (Dudley): Always joined heartily in the opening prayers, and then collapsed into silence.

J. A. SEDDON (Newton): A real good fellow—the champion of the shop assistants. Hard lines being defeated on the eve of the passing of the Shops' Bill—which was largely his work.

"John Bull's" Christmas Dinners and Treats for the Poor.

As already announced, we intend to give a mighty Christmas treat to the poor—in the name of our readers and those of MRS. BULL; but, on consideration, we have decided that instead of taking 1,000 or more poor people with their children to a public hall, we will see that they have their dinners, toys, etc., in their own homes. With this object, we are making arrangements with local tradesmen to honour coupons, which we shall distribute, for meat, groceries, etc., whilst the toys and clothing will be disposed of by our workers, as the result of special enquiries into the most deserving cases.

We have headed the list of subscriptions with £50, and shall hope next week to be able to publish a long list of donations from our generous readers.

MR. BOTTOMLEY AND THE LIBERAL WHIP.

THE MEMBER FOR SOUTH HACKNEY PREFERS "DIGNIFIED DETACHMENT" TO "AMBIGUOUS ACQUIESCENCE."

Mr. Horatio Bottomley, M.P., has addressed the following letter to the Master of Elibank, Chief Government Whip :—

MY DEAR ELIBANK,—I will not trouble you, in the forthcoming session, to send me your whip.

Before Parliament was prorogued, I had several interviews, and some correspondence with you relative to the contemplated hostile action of a section of the Liberal Party in South Hackney towards me. Your attitude throughout was that, so long as I remained the nominee of the original and duly affiliated Association, you should decline to give official countenance to any other body. That, I supposed, was the correct view to take of the situation; indeed, it was the only view open to you, as the head of the Party organisation.

The election came, and in due course a second Liberal candidate was nominated, to run against me. Backed up by certain fanatical members of the late Parliament, a vigorous effort was made to unseat me—even at the risk of letting in what you, at any rate, would describe as a dangerous and reactionary Tory. These cranks—of whom, in common with your chiefs, you seem to entertain an incomprehensible dread—then made a strong appeal to you for official recognition—and what was your reply? Did you tell them that you could recognise only the candidate of the official Association—the Association which had run Charles Russell and Fletcher Moulton, and had, through me, won back the constituency, after ten years of political torpor, to the democratic cause? No. You had been led to believe that, as in the cases of Harold Cox and Hilaire Belloc (two of the few brilliant men of the House of Commons), I was to pay the penalty of having dared to exercise an independent judgment, and all that was wanted was your benediction upon the effort to drive me out of public life. And so you "hedged." It was not customary, you wrote, when two Liberals were in the field, for you to interfere! In other words, the Party machinery of which you are the head counted for nothing; anybody was free to run a candidate in its name and colours—and you would not "interfere." Just like a General of the Army, or an Admiral of the Fleet, on being told that a certain battalion or ship was operating "on its own" in time of war, replying: "I can't interfere!"

The fact is, my dear Elibank, you were fooled. You thought that perhaps, after all, you were to be ridden of the only independent member left in the Party, and though you were too good a fellow to actually throw me over, you were induced to "trim" a bit—so that had the plot succeeded, you could have claimed some share in the glory. But you did not know South Hackney. We have been the best of friends, and you have always been the essence of courtesy towards me. But I must know where I am, and I cannot endure a qualified and half-hearted recognition—an ambiguous acquiescence in my work. And, therefore, in future, whilst in no way allying myself with any other Party, I shall prefer to occupy a position of dignified detachment—to play the *rôle*, according to my lights, of a candid but a cordial critic—with a vote always at your service on behalf of true democracy.—Yours sincerely,

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

BIRTHDAY OF THE WEEK.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREETINGS.

December 17th.—SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.

Since 'fifty-three you've upward climbed,
And now to-day we see
Our Beerbohm on the topmost twig
Of the dramatic Tree.
For years you've given nightly joy,
So sound your art and true—
And that, I take it, sir, is why
They made a Knight of you.

THE HOLBORN EMPIRE.

THE STORY OF A MATINEE.

The following letter from Mr. Houdini speaks for itself :—

Some few weeks ago I noticed in your paper a complaint from a correspondent that they frequently bill artistes at the Holborn Empire who do not appear.

I think, therefore, the following information will be of interest to you. I was engaged to appear for one week—two shows per night and matinées.

I duly appeared on Monday, December 5th, two shows; Tuesday, 6th, two shows; Wednesday, 7th, two shows; and as there was a matinée on Thursday, the 8th, I was surprised to receive a letter on Wednesday evening that my services would not be required for the matinée.

I replied that I was agreeable, and also enclose a copy of letter as sent.

I attended at the hall on Thursday, and saw that I was billed in front of the hall to appear that afternoon. I spoke to the manager, and told him that as he had not informed the public that Houdini was not appearing, I ought to be allowed to perform that matinée.

He said he could not permit me to appear. I walked back on the stage, and the stage manager informed me that my number had been cut out of that afternoon's performance.

As the show went along I bided my opportunity, and when there was a lull between two acts, I appeared, dressed in my matinée clothes, and, raising my hand, stopped the music and delivered the following speech :—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I beg your pardon for this intrusion, but the number you see does not belong to me.

"My name is Houdini, and my name is the head-liner for the week, and despite the fact that I am billed to appear here this afternoon, the management have seen fit not to allow me to appear.

"I have asked them to please put out a sign informing the public that I was not appearing, for I have all reason to believe that some people might wish to see me, as I seldom work matinées; and if I am advertised it is best for my reputation that I should appear.

"No notice was taken of my request, which was made in writing, and I deem it my duty to inform you that it is not my fault if I do not appear this afternoon, and to show you that it is not for the sake of the money that I am protesting, if I am allowed to work this matinée, I shall take the money I earn and present it to the Music Hall Fund. If I am not allowed to appear, if I am not mistaken you have a right to request the return of your money, for they have advertised Houdini, and so as to save his salary they will not allow him to appear. I have nothing further to say, and I thank you for your attention."

We understand that Houdini duly appeared at the other matinée!

HOME FLEET'S (2nd DIVISION) CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY.

AN INCONVENIENT ARRANGEMENT.

Our attention has been directed to the fact that the First Watch of the ships of the 2nd Division of the Home Fleet will get their Christmas leave to commence on December 17th, returning to their ships by 9 a.m. on Tuesday, December 27th. Now this will necessitate many of them leaving by evening trains on December 26th, which should be kept as Christmas Day, and when the train service will be very bad. Our information is that all the other Fleets start leave on December 19th, expiring on the 30th, which seems to be a much better plan. Is there any good reason why the men of the 2nd division should have their Christmas spoilt?

"MRS. BULL."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In view of the fact that Tuesday, December 27th, is a Bank Holiday, "MRS. BULL" for that week will be published on WEDNESDAY.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE will contain several special features, including :—

MORE ABOUT "SHOP-GIRLS."
"TEN THOUSAND WOMEN FOR SALE."
AN ARTICLE ON COTTON WORKERS, and
THE MODERN TYPIST: WHERE SHE SUCCEEDS—WHERE SHE FAILS.

THE REFERENDUM.

BY A DEMOCRAT.

THE COST OF A REFERENDUM.

A year ago you permitted me to submit my contention that the one way to solve the House of Lords difficulty was by means of the referendum. At that time very few people in this country knew anything about the referendum. Now it has been adopted by the House of Lords, and the leader of the Unionist party acclaims it. Ministers still oppose it, but their criticisms of it are ridiculous in their inaccuracy. At Mile End the other day, Mr. Lloyd George objected to it on the ground of expense. According to him, there would be a referendum on pretty well every Bill passed by the House of Commons, and each referendum would cost the country two millions sterling. It so happened that the next day a Parliamentary paper was issued which showed the cost of the last General Election (exclusive of returning officers' charges—probably about £200,000) to have been a little over £1,250,000. Will the Chancellor of the Exchequer seriously maintain that the referendum would cost 60 per cent. more than a General Election? A few days later, it might have been read in the *Times* that recently two questions were settled by referendum to the people of Australia, and the General Election was held on the same day. The vote for the General Election was £41,799, the amount apportioned for the expense of the referendum was £6,777, or not much more than one-seventh. Assume that the proportion in this country as between the cost of a general election and a referendum would be much the same, the cost of the referendum would be somewhere about £200,000. Expert authority puts it much lower.

THE OBJECTIONS OF MINISTERS.

Mr. Asquith is more guarded in his language than his colleague of the Exchequer, but the Prime Minister likes the referendum as little as Mr. Lloyd George, and his criticism of it is as weak. Speaking at Reading, he said he objected entirely "to the substitution of a procedure of that kind for a judgment deliberately arrived at after the interchange of argument and the clash of parliamentary discussion by the chosen and responsible representatives of the people." How could the referendum cramp or stifle discussion? All the advantage of parliamentary debate would remain. Policies would not be thrown before the electorate in a crude undigested, undeveloped state. It is not proposed to resort to the referendum as Mr. Asquith resorts to the closure, for the purpose of stifling debate. The question at issue would be discussed in the House of Commons just as much as if there were no referendum, and the same with the House of Lords. All measures would still pass through Parliament, and the great majority would be finally decided by Parliament. It would only be in a few cases, after a measure had been discussed in all its bearings, after the two Houses had given their judgment, that the nation would be called upon to adjudicate. Then the Lord Chancellor objects to the referendum because, as he thinks, it would never be used when the Tories are in office, "but when there is a Liberal majority in the House of Commons almost any proposal would appear to be a matter of great gravity, and would have to be settled by a referendum." If it were only to be put in operation when the two Chambers disagreed, then, we admit, it would be a one-sided weapon, for it would fail to strike against the practical unicameration that prevails when a Conservative Government is in office. But then no serious politician, or thinker, suggests anything of the kind. The referendum would be restricted to constitutional questions altering the disposition of power in the State, with perhaps the addition of important questions on which, during more than one Parliament, the two Houses of the Legislature had disagreed. And it should be possible, not only for the House of Lords, but for a sufficient minority of the House of Commons, say the Opposition polling at least 80 per cent. of its strength, to bring about the popular appeal.

A STRANGE OBJECTION.

Perhaps the strangest plea against the referendum is that which we find in the *Westminster Gazette*. That excellent journal is horrified at the thought of the referendum. It would make a Government "merely a transmitter and receiver of popular verdicts which are to have no effect upon its existence if they are adverse." Well, the House of Lords kicked out the Education Bill of the Campbell-Bannerman Government, and the Licensing Bill of the Asquith Government, but the existence of neither of these Governments was affected thereby. It is true that if, under the referendum, the Government sent a Bill to the country which was rejected, it would not involve the resignation of the Ministry. But what of that? The Ministry would be as much liable to defeat in the House of Commons with the referendum at work as without it, and defeat would mean resignation or dissolution, just as it means it now.

LORD MORLEY'S CRITICISM.

The most specious objection made to the referendum is that of Lord Morley. He will have none of it because it seems to him the negation of the system of representative government. It would destroy the sense of responsibility of members of the House of Commons, or, as Mr. Lloyd George puts it in his crude way, it is a device for insulting the House of Commons and defying and deriding its authority. But our present representative system is as faulty as it can well be. The real control of legislation is in the hands, not of a body of elected representatives, but in those of a small Cabinet, selected mainly out of a little aristo-plutocracy, with a large leaven of successful lawyers, and of a powerful bureaucracy whose class proclivities are natural and notorious. The referendum would not be a substitute for, but a necessary supplement to, representation in any nation aiming at popular self-government. It would also have the immense advantage of disentangling issues, separating one great question from the many minor questions with which it may be mixed. Confused or blended issues are among the gravest political issues of our time.

EDUCATING THE DEMOCRACY.

We do not believe that the people of this country will ever consent to be governed by a single chamber. To destroy the Lords' Veto, and to do no more, would be to confer upon the House of Commons a new and unlimited power, not only to make laws but to alter the Constitution of the country. That is a power possessed by no single elective body in the civilised world, and it will be a bad day for England if this power is given to the House of Commons. The saying of Burghley that "England can never be ruined but by her Parliament" was never more true than it is at the present time, for the uncontrolled authority of a single representative body constituted like our own is one of the gravest dangers of the Empire. Liberals like Lord Morley talk at times of mending the House of Lords, and Mr. Asquith says that if you will only give him time he will carry through a measure for its reconstruction. But it passes the wit of man to devise a second chamber that will not possess a strong permanent Conservative bias. If that is to be avoided—we are not saying that it would be necessarily detrimental—but if it is to be avoided, the one solution of the present deadlock between the two Houses is to leave the House of Lords as it stands, and to use the referendum whenever the Lords reject a measure of first importance sent up by the House of Commons. It will then be for the people to decide, and it is their place to decide. They would be invited to vote on a single issue, and the referendum would enable the nation to reject a measure which it dislikes without destroying the Ministry of which it approves. By the referendum, legislation would be made more conformable to the will of the people, but the specific expression of that will through the referendum would, as we believe, be seldom given. The fact that the referendum was in the background would conduce to settlement. As matters stand, laws can be passed vitally affecting the public welfare which do not in fact possess the public approval. The referendum is not only a reasonable way to settle stubborn disputes that may arise between the two Legislative Houses—it is the only sound method of educating the democracy for the work of self-government.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

CUPID'S NEW POST.

At Brixton Gaol, the other Sunday, a kindly church choir attended and sang to the prisoners. One hymn was entitled "Oh, Love that will not let me go!"

The man in gaol sighs not to be at large,
Thrice happy he, though caged by law and order;
For love waits on him, ready to discharge
The necessary functions of the warder.

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON.

Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, addressing the Musical Association, said that his father used to own a trombone, and played on it.

Of course we know the reason now;
Like it or lump it—
'Tis father's fault that Bernard Shaw
Blows his own trumpet!

RICARDO.

A BLACKGUARD UNDER "ROYAL PATRONAGE."

THE NATIONAL DENTAL AID SOCIETY.

In London there are many establishments styling themselves "Charitable Dental Aid Societies," or with some such alluring title. Be careful how you approach them. It will be sufficient to deal with one in this article, with the promise to give the others a shake up in due course.

There is one of these places situated at No. 5, New Oxford Street, and it is run by a person named F. Sinclair Kennedy. Numerous signs outside the two windows on the first floor proclaim that this is "The National Dental Aid Society," and in letters of gold are the words, "Under Royal Patronage." False teeth at hospital prices, and extractions without pain are advertised as a speciality. The "Royal Patron" is Princesse Marie Louise (Duchess of Seville).

CAREER OF KENNEDY.

Of his early life we know nothing, but it is to be hoped that it is somewhat better than of the past ten years.

When Kennedy first hit on the bright idea that supplying false teeth was a profitable business, he was shrewd enough to know that it would be necessary for him to have some figurehead for the concern, so he searched for a lord, and he got one. He established at 159, New Oxford Street, "The Artificial Teeth Aid Society," with Lord Haldon as a decoy. Of this establishment we need say no more at present than that Kennedy and the noble lord eventually parted company. The next show seems to have been at 17, Arthur Street, Oxford Street. He kept this establishment open for a short time only; then sold up and cleared out, and his creditors had to whistle for their money.

Then we find him again on the look-out for someone with a title, and he was not long before he had his reward. He found Lady Blount. She will be recognised best as the person who managed to get a letter published in the *Times*, stating that the earth was flat.

When once Kennedy got hold of the figurehead, he soon had the establishment on the way. This time it was "Lady Blount's Medical Aid Society," and the address was 9, Newman Street, Oxford Street. Kennedy and her ladyship were not friends long, and so the pseudo-philanthropists parted.

The *modus operandi* of all these establishments is as follows: Advertisements are inserted in newspapers setting forth that false teeth can be obtained at hospital prices, and on the easy payment system. Sets of teeth can be purchased from a shilling a week. So the advertisement says. Every respondent to this advertisement is ordered to write to Lady So-and-so, or Lord Tom Noddy for "a letter." This, of course, gives it a hospital appearance. When these titled decoys receive the applications for the letter, a printed sheet with a number of questions is forwarded, with a request that each question be answered correctly. The receipt of this, of course, gives the "philanthropic" society the financial position of the applicant. Then the experts get to business. Sets of teeth worth no more than a guinea are sold for five, and sometimes as much as ten guineas.

DANGERS OF THE DENTAL CHAIR.

Kennedy has been fined at Marlborough Street for infringement of the Dentists Act. Operators in most of such places are quite unskilled, and it is no uncommon occurrence for a patient's jaw to be broken. Heavy damages have frequently been awarded in the Courts lately in such cases.

KENNEDY A MARRIED MAN.

Kennedy is a married man, but on account of misbehaviour his wife has not lived with him for several years. She is possessed of small means, and this her husband has recently made endeavours to get her to sign away. A few nights ago he went to her house, but was refused admittance. Then he kicked the door, and eventually he smashed it in. Eventually the police arrived on the scene, and as he abused them, he promptly got marched to the police station, was charged with being drunk and creating a disturbance, and locked up.

BOGUS CHEQUES.

Kennedy owes his landlady, or rather we should say his late landlady, the sum of £32. The poor woman has let this account run on from week to week in the hope of getting paid. Some weeks ago he did actually pay to her a certain sum by two cheques, both of which were returned to her from the bank and endorsed, "refer to drawer." Now, although neither of these two cheques was drawn by Kennedy, we happen to know who the drawer was, and we have our eye on him. In a future issue we shall deal with the subsequent career of Kennedy, and also a few of his chums —titled and otherwise. In the meantime, we would advise any of our readers who contemplate purchasing false teeth to give Kennedy and his concern a wide berth.

A HIDEOUS SPECTACLE.

ENGLISH MEN AND WOMEN IN CHAINS—ON SCHOOL NON-ATTENDANCE WARRANTS.

What do our readers think of this—vouched for by one of our readers, who is a commercial traveller?

Upon a recent Monday I was travelling by an afternoon train from Birmingham to Stafford, and at Wolverhampton Station two gangs—one of four men *on a chain*, and the other of three men on another chain—got into the carriage, with two women. Two police officers accompanied them.

The four chained men got into the same third-class compartment as myself and another chance travelling companion, and as two of the prisoners began to smoke a small half of a cigarette between them, I gave each man a cigarette. This loosened their tongues, and I was amazed to find that these men were committed to Stafford Gaol for varying short terms upon school non-attendance warrants in respect of their children.

I queried, and got corroboration of this from one of the police officers—a very decent sort of fellow—who told me that these men had not appeared before any magistrate.

Summonses are served at their homes in their absence at work upon their wives, who, without telling their husbands about the summonses, appear in their name, and being unable to find the money for the fines inflicted, commitment warrants are issued against the husbands, whose first knowledge of the matter is frequently their arrest, to be hustled off to prison without any trial or opportunity to state their case; and they are taken through the streets and in public railway carriages on chains like felons. Of the seven prisoners I saw upon the occasion referred to, six were cases of such a nature.

Of the two women, one was a similar prisoner, leaving young children at home with no one to care for them. The other woman would, I presume, be a wardress. All came from Walsall.

I may add that I have very frequently seen gangs of men on chains brought from Doncaster to Wakefield, and I have always previously looked upon these men as dangerous criminals. I wonder now how many of them have been school attendance offenders whom I have misjudged?

A STREATHAM EXHIBITION.

HOW A LOCAL TRADESMAN GOT A "GOLD MEDAL."

Mr. H. C. Philcox, of Acre Lane, Brixton, tells us that he was induced to exhibit at the Tradesmen's Food, Industrial and Gas Exhibition, held "under distinguished patronage," in the Town Hall, Streatham, in October last. In the prospectus of the Exhibition it was stated that:—

> Gold, silver and bronze medals will be awarded such exhibitors who (*sic*) may be deemed entitled.

In due course Mr. Philcox received a letter from Mr. Frank Ellis, who describes himself as the General Manager, which runs as below:—

> It is with pleasure that I inform you that my Committee have awarded you a gold medal for your excellent turnery and fretwork exhibit displayed at the Manufacturers' and Traders' Exhibition held at Streatham, October, 1910. The medal will be forwarded you in due course.

On November 19th the medal came, but it was not appreciated by Mr. Philcox. In acknowledging it, he writes:—

> I am just in receipt of medal. Am I right in presuming that it has been sent straight from makers? If so, no doubt you will be as surprised as I to find instead of being gold it is only copper gilt.

To that Mr. Frank Ellis replied:—

> The medal sent you is a duplicate one, evidently. The price paid for space, namely, £3, would not warrant us having your medal struck in gold.

Mr. Ellis went on to say that they would send Mr. Philcox a 9-carat gold Government hall-marked medal if he would remit them £6. This suggestion did not commend itself to Mr. Philcox, and he wrote next day:—

> I should like to point out that your prospectus states gold medal, also your letter advised me that I had been awarded a gold medal.

Mr. Ellis refused to do anything in the matter, whereupon Mr. Philcox sent a further letter marked "urgent and important." It came back after a time marked "Gone away, left no address."

Messrs. James Buchanan and Co., Ltd., have also received a royal warrant of appointment as Scotch whisky distillers.

A CHRISTMAS CARD FRAUD.

MESSRS. GORDON & CO. AND AN ALTERED ORDER FORM.

A reader took up an agency with Gordon and Co., of 27, Worship Street, E.C., for the supply of Christmas cards. He obtained an order for 18s. worth, but when they were delivered it was found that the customer's name had been spelt wrongly. They were sent back, but were returned to the agent, together with a letter stating that the printing was as ordered—in proof whereof the order form (showing the name misspelt) was enclosed. But, unfortunately for Gordon and Co., their agent had retained a carbon copy of the order, which clearly proved that the name had originally been spelt correctly. Indeed, the altered document impudently sent by Gordon and Co. had the name correctly given on its back, the carbon sheet being blacked on both sides. Our informant, asking who had altered the order form, received the following letter:—

> If you write any more to us in this strain, you will have a great deal of trouble. If you did not write the order, you had better find out who committed the forgery. If you continue to suggest we did, we will make short work to the police. We want no humbug over this matter. We want the order first of all returned to us by 9 o'clock on Thursday morning and an explanation with instructions re goods.

They followed this up with another letter demanding the return of the altered form, and threatening to enforce their claim in Court. We can quite understand their anxiety to get back this document, but would suggest that a Civil Court is hardly the place for the matter to be fought out.

OH, FOR A BUSINESS POST OFFICE!

A Walthamstow reader says that a telegram from Northampton took more than three hours to reach him, and that investigation of his complaint by the Post Office occupied a further three months. It appears that, as the St. James' Street, Walthamstow, Post Office closes at 8 p.m., any telegrams for the Walthamstow district have to be sent from the Kingsland High Street Post Office—a distance of about four miles. As our London readers will be aware, however, there is no direct communication by rail between Kingsland and Walthamstow, and a messenger would have to go to Hackney Downs Station and then by rail. It seems extraordinary that an immense and populous district like Walthamstow should be so badly served.

THE AVONDALE PRESS.

A Broadstairs reader writes to suggest that these people are the same as Messrs. Grant and Co., of 61, High Holborn, W.C. Our correspondent, who is a solicitor, says that he has quite recently been consulted on two occasions by separate clients who have been drawn into business relations with Grant and Co. through the medium of a representative who placed glowing accounts before them and thereby secured subscriptions for contracts for advertisements. We have little doubt that the complaint is right, as Powell was the name of the representative who called upon our correspondent, and Messrs. Sherard and Stevens were the solicitors who made application for payment of the subscriptions.

OUR NEW MAMMOTH POSTER.

In a few days time our famous hoarding on the Strand Island will be occupied with a new and remarkable poster, painted in oils by Mr. Roland Holyoake, from the design of Mr. Chas. Crombie. It is based upon the historical incident of the arrival of the Spanish Armada, and represents the leading politicians playing bowls, the "jack" being labelled "office"—with the vessels of foreign countries bearing down upon us. Suddenly John Bull appears upon the scene, and, directing the attention of the players to the approaching danger, urges them to stop this fooling and get to business. The picture is a most telling and remarkable one, and will, in due course, be exhibited throughout the Provinces.

The King has granted his warrant of appointment to Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, linen manufacturers, of Belfast, London, and Liverpool. In addition to this distinction Her Majesty Queen Mary has been pleased to renew her warrant, granted when Princess of Wales.

THE HOULDER LINE.

OUR GRAVE STATEMENTS UNANSWERED.

The annual general meeting of the Houlder Line, just held, was a very interesting function, not so much for what was done and said as for the leaving certain things undone and unsaid.

About thirty shareholders were present, all but three being dependent upon the managers of the Line for favours past or anticipated.

Mr. A. F. Houlder, the chairman—very wisely in the interests of his company—made no attempt to dispute the accuracy of the disclosures we have made regarding the grave financial position of the Line—attributing the Company's desperate situation to all kinds of visitations of Providence, including the dock strike at Newport (mainly occasioned by Houlder Brothers' action in endeavouring to start a stevedoring business for their own benefit). Not the least of the Chairman's omissions was any reference to a re-arrangement of the Management Agreement, by which Houlder Brothers take such huge sums out of the earnings of the Line. He abused at length the shareholder who had dared to ask him the following questions—to which he refused to reply:—

(1) What are the gross earnings of the Houlder Line steamers for 1909?

(2) What is the total amount of premium paid for Insurance effected on behalf of the Houlder Line for 1909?

(3) What is the total amount of money claimed from underwriters and collected for 1909 on behalf of the Houlder Line?

(4) What is the present value of the investments shown in the balance sheet as £60,382 2s. 6d. of the Houlder Line?

(5) Where is the interest of such investments credited in the balance sheet?

(6) What is the present value of the Depreciation Fund and Reserve, and where is such fund invested, and where is the interest credited in the balance sheet?

There are, however, other means of obtaining information upon such important and significant points.

VAGRANCY IN CANADA.

FIFTEEN YEARS' IMPRISONMENT FOR BLINDNESS!

We observe that Lord Grey, the Governor-General of Canada, has been interesting himself in the case of two blind old women. It seems that these poor creatures were charged with vagrancy, and being unable to earn their living. For fifteen years these unfortunate creatures had been kept in prison. By a happy accident, Lord Grey heard of the case, and forthwith made representations to the Mayor, requesting him to take action. As a result, the old women have been released, and sent to an institution for the blind. Subscriptions have been sent to the newspapers on their behalf, and let us hope they will enjoy some measure of comfort during the remainder of their sojourn here below. But what is to be said of a system of justice that imprisons two blind women for fifteen years—two blind women whose only crime was that they were unable to earn a living?

THE RIGHT TO COMPENSATION.

HAS A CONVICT ANY LEGAL CLAIM?

An ex-convict complains that he has been refused compensation by the Government. This man was undergoing a sentence of three years' penal servitude at Dartmoor when he met with an accident. Whilst employed building a wall, he slipped with a stone in his arms and sustained serious injury. The accident necessitated his going into the infirmary, but the medical officer could not cure him, and on his release he had to undergo an operation at the Middlesex Hospital, where he now lies. After the accident, and whilst still at Dartmoor, he petitioned the Home Secretary for compensation, but was informed by the governor that Mr. Churchill saw no grounds for acceding to his request. Apparently, the Home Secretary declines to admit liability on the ground that the man was at the time of the accident serving a sentence of penal servitude. Is that quite fair—or legal?

"JOHN AND MARY."
(The Christmas Number of "JOHN BULL" and "MRS. BULL").
NOW ON SALE. Price 2d.

What do You Know about Business?

An article of far-reaching importance to all who are engaged in business. Useful alike to the Clerk, the Salesman, the Traveller, the Manager, or the Proprietor of any Business, large or small.

To the thoughtless, the easy-going, or the very young man this question may at first glance seem an insult.

Such a one would answer, in an off-handed sort of way: "Why I am *in* Business—I am a Business man. I know all about Business—or I ought to do so."

Aye, there's the rub! He *ought to do*. But does he? Let me put the same question to you.

How much do *you* know about Business? Unless you are a rare and brilliant exception—you will probably own, after a mortifying self-examination, that it is precious little indeed of sound Business knowledge that you really know—confidently and surely enough to bank on.

Yet without this Business knowledge your chances of doing well for yourself in the business world are very poor ones indeed. With it, there is

No Position You Cannot Aspire To.

It is only necessary to look around, to read the daily papers, to listen to the gossip of the day, to realise that in no department of life into which intelligent men put sound knowledge and ability and "sticking in" qualities are the rewards so sure, so soon realised, and so lasting as in the great and increasingly-important world of Business.

Now what do *you* know about Business?

For instance, do you understand Book-keeping thoroughly? Could you draw up a balance-sheet? Do you understand exactly how the financial position of a tradesman or a firm is determined from his books? Do you understand a profit and loss account? Do you know when recovery of book debts is barred?

Do you know the law as it specially affects your own particular trade, business or calling? Do you understand the manufacturing of the goods you are concerned with or that the firm that employs you is concerned with? Do you know anything at all about manufacturing? Do you know how to figure depreciations? How to check leakage? Do you understand time-keeping systems?

You do not? Not thoroughly and authoritatively? Yet

These Things are Business Knowledge.

Do you know much about the Income Tax? Do you know Company Law? Do you know the cost of the formation of a Company? The methods of amalgamation? Do you understand the conversion of shares into stock? Do you understand Compulsory Winding-up? Do you know all about County Court Business, Judgments, etc.?

Do you understand clearly what a Bankruptcy definition is? Or what the goodwill of a business really means? Do you know about cheques and banking and bills of all sorts? Do you understand the difference between Insurance and Assurance?

Do you know how to start a Business? How to secure its credit, and to buy its equipment? How to organise its departments, build up its reputation, collect its debts, rake in its profits?

Do you know anything about big selling schemes? How to create a demand for any special article? How to meet competition? Do you understand the mail order business? Or how to hire and to coach and to deal with salesmen?

Do you know anything about advertising? Would you know how to engineer separately a national advertising appeal and a local appeal?

Yet these matters are Business Knowledge. And if you want to make money in business you must either know them or know where you can get authoritative and complete and up-to-date information concerning them and concerning the thousand and one points of doubt or difficulty that beset the business man in the course of his business day.

Now what are you to do?

You must get the Business Encyclopædia.

You cannot do without it, whether you are an ambitious young man on the threshold of your commercial life or a mature business man who dreads that he may be crowded out of the Business fight owing to the present-day stress of competition. If you are young the use of the Business Encyclopædia makes you proficient in

The Knowledge that is Your Stock-in-Trade.

If you are older, its use gives you the confidence founded on sound information, to enable you to act on your own business ideas.

It contains hundreds of business articles written by the most successful Business men of the day. Amongst these are: Richard Burbidge (Managing-Director Harrod's Stores), John Cansfield (Managing-Director Lipton Ltd.), S. F. Edge (the well-known Motor Expert), A. W. Gamage (Managing-Director A. W. Gamage Ltd.), John Lawrie (Managing-Director William Whiteley Ltd.), Joseph Lyons (Managing-Director J. Lyons and Co., Ltd.), H. G. Selfridge (Founder of Selfridge's Ltd.), Wareham Smith (Advertisement Director of the *Daily Mail*), S. J. Waring (Managing-Director Waring and Gillow).

The Business Encyclopædia deals with nothing but business, but it treats of this important subject fully and completely and authoritatively.

TWO OPINIONS.

SIR THOMAS DEWAR:

"The volumes are full of information, and I feel sure that they will be found to be a necessity in every commercial house. Now that we see the Encyclopædia, the marvel is that such a work has not been thought of in this country before."

Mr. L. G. HORSLEY, Cashier, Marlborough Road, Ipswich:

"I find it of the greatest possible assistance to me in my work as cashier to one of the largest manufacturing companies in East Anglia. I am sorry there were not such valuable sources of information years ago. It would have saved me hours of work."

A FREE BOOK.

The Publishers have compiled a handsomely illustrated book—which will be sent to you POST FREE. It gives the names of the Business articles written above, and it tells you all about the "Business Encyclopædia," and how it can be obtained for a first payment of 1s. 6d., the balance to be paid by small monthly payments.

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54, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Please send me, free of charge, a copy of the book describing the "Business Encyclopædia."

Name .....
(Send this Form or a postcard mentioning JOHN BULL.)

Address .....

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THE DUBLIN CASTLE CZAR.

THE MAN OF MANY HYPHENS.

Time was when the Dublin Metropolitan Police were under officers who recognised that the force existed to protect the citizen and serve him. But from the day Lieutenant-Colonel Sir John Foster George Ross-of-Bladensburg, K.C.B., D.L., J.P., took his place in Dublin Castle, everything has been changed. It seems that it was not sufficient for the city to boast of a very low percentage of crime, and to show a cleaner sheet than any city of similar size in the United Kingdom. Sir John of the hyphenated names was not satisfied, because his police went their rounds without alighting on evil-doers every tour they made. Wherefore he issued a circular to the force, hinting to the officers and men that if they did not make more arrests many of them might expect the order of "the sack." This order came on the force like the proverbial bombshell, and the policemen were filled with alarm. When the fact that the order to manufacture crime had been issued became public property there was a big outcry among the citizens, and the man with all the hyphens in his name was compelled to withdraw his ukase. Nevertheless, the men of the D.M.P. know that, although the paper itself was called back, Sir John Ross-of-Bladensburg still clings to his opinions expressed in it, and act accordingly.

One of the first fruits of the change of command was the harrying of the hotel and restaurant keepers of Dublin, who were prosecuted for supplying suppers to theatre-goers and others after public-house closing hours; with the result that in Dublin it is impossible to get "bite or sup" after 11 p.m. on ordinary nights, and after 10 p.m. on Saturday nights. On Sunday you may want lunch or supper, but the hotel-keeper dare serve you only between 2 p.m. and 5 p.m.

Having so far succeeded with the hotel-keepers and restaurateurs, the police Czar turned his attention to the publicans. The law allows the bona-fide traveller on Sundays to have refreshments if he satisfies the publican that he has come from a location outside the official radius. The Act of Parliament tells the publican and the seekers after refreshment what may be done and what may not be done, and it provides the same information for Sir John Ross-of-Bladensburg, his officers, and all concerned. But it is notorious that Ireland is less governed by Act of Parliament than by the little Jacks-in-office, and during "bona-fide hours" the Cossacks of Sir John Ross sally out to harry the publican and the man who is entitled by Statute to a drink. They hang in droves around the public-houses of the county of Dublin; they enter with the air of Bashi-Bazooks and badger the landlord and his customers, and on several occasions recently the inspectors of the F Division, not finding cause for prosecution, have given the publicans a hint that they had better close their houses against bona-fide travellers.

In the town of Blackrock, outside Dublin, the persecution by the police became so unbearable that *all* the publicans have given up Sunday evening business, although the law-makers in Westminster tell them that they may engage in it. Then in Kingstown and Dalkey, within the same police division, the trade is only carried on with the police pistol at the head of the publican.

It is not because the police themselves like the duty; but they know that they must manufacture cases or quit the force. The London policeman is guide, counsellor, and friend to the citizen. In Dublin, to engage in a wordy argument, even without coming to blows, means immediate arrest and a vast deal of swearing on the part of the policeman, and the pedestrian who cannot walk correctly along a chalked line is pretty certain to find himself in the cells. What the Dublin policeman loves most dearly is for somebody to come along when he has a prisoner by the arm and ask what it is all about. He is at once grabbed and haled before the cadi, charged with attempting a rescue.

It is a notorious fact that crime has been manufactured by the police all through Ireland for many years past; and in South County Dublin not only is it known that it is manufactured, but the official orders for its manufacture are actually issued to the police. Only the other day the supreme executive officer outside Ross-of-Bladensburg's office circularised the men complaining of the small number of cases brought up, his circular being on all fours with that issued by the gallant Colonel, and its terms clinch the citizens' contention that the idea of the police chiefs is that if crime does not exist it must be made. Under Sir John Ross and his subordinates a reign of terror exists. Is it not time for Sir John Ross to step down and out? As for the force, it might well be reduced by thirty-three per cent. Then it would be about reasonable in size, and there would be a welcome reduction in the police taxes.

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—CXX.

A MOTHER AND INFANT STARVING.

We have fully investigated the following sad case:—

For nearly fourteen years the subject of this "Human Document" was employed at the Army Clothing Factory, Pimlico. During the whole of that time she bore an exemplary character. Her downfall has been brought about by getting married to a worthless man. At the moment, he is in hospital, but previously he was out of employment and had been for years, his wife supporting him the whole time. There have been two children born to the couple, the eldest of which died only a few months ago, a collection being made amongst the wife's girl friends to bury the little mite. The second is only a few months old.

They are existing in one small room, which is quite devoid of furniture, fuel, or light. The woman is a mere shadow, and, from the appearance of the baby, it would seem that it is only a matter of days before that will follow the first child. Had it not been for the kindness of a married couple who occupied another room in the same house, and who brought this case to our notice, it is likely there would have been another "death from starvation."

It may be asked why this woman does not apply for relief. She has done so, and was given it to the value of 4s., with the notification that her case would be placed before the Charity Organisation Society, and that she was to call again in a few days to see what could be done. When the time had expired the Relieving Officer told her that the Charity Organisation Society had made full enquiries, and that, owing to the bad character of her husband, she and her child could not be helped. She was then advised to go into the workhouse. The husband's bad character is undoubted. Only a couple of weeks before the man entered hospital, he gave his wife two black eyes

The young wife explains that if she could get a little help and some sewing—she is an expert tailoress—she would be able to keep herself and child. Of course, there is a difficulty about her husband, but we have reason to believe that she is prepared to make a practical move towards ridding herself of this unworthy incubus.

If any of our readers would like to help this unfortunate woman with either money or clothes, we should be glad to forward such to her, or if any lady reader should care to visit her, we should be pleased to furnish the name and address. She lives not far from Westminster Bridge.

We have received, and duly remitted, the following to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named:—

CVII.—"Ship's Surgeon," 5s.

CXVII.—L. M., 5s.; K. and G., 1s.

CXVIII.—"A Mite," 1s.; "Sympathy," 1s.; "Penny," 2s. 6d.; P. O. C. B., 2s.; E. B., 2s.; C. W. P. S., 2s 6d.; D. P. S., 2s. 6d.; "Nemo," 2s. 6d.; R. G., 2s. 6d.; C. B., 10s.; R. S. S., 2s. 6d.; L., 6d.; G. O., 1s.; A. E. D., 1s.; "A German," 1s. 6d.; "Sarah," 1s.; F. S. K., £1; "Kim," 2s. 6d.; A. W. H., 10s.; "A Reader," 3s.; K. G., 1s.; "Decima," 3s.; E. D., 1s.; "Erimus," 2s. 6d.; R. W., 10s.; H. and M., 5s.; F. and E., 7s. 6d.; "A Staff," 5s.; "Silverdale," 5s.; "Misericordia," 2s. 6d.; "Ex-Teacher," 2s.; "In Thankfulness," 1s.; "Old School Teacher," 5s.; "Gayhurst Road (L.C.C.) School," 5s. 6d.; L. E. C., 2s. 6d.; "Trilby," 2s. 6d.; "Teachers of London Fields (L.C.C.) School," 16s.; S. S. R., 2s.; F. W. H., 5s.; "Fraternity," 2s.; "Mog," 1s.; "A Carman," 2s.; E. L. U., 2s. 6d.; "School Teacher," 2s. 6d.; "Sidewood," 2s.; J. A. D., 2s. 6d.; "Two Teachers," 6s.; "The Captain," 2s. 6d.; "Victoria Park," 1s. 6d.; "Arrow," 1s. 6d.; K. N. W., 3s.; "A Friend," 6d.; E. M., 2s. 6d.; S., 1s.; "Teacher," 10s.; "L. Macnab," 2s. 6d.; "One Whose Heart Aches for Him," 2s.

CXIX.—"Honest Freemason," 5s.; "Each Way," 2s.; W. W., 2s.; W. B. McF., 1s. 2d.

By inadvertence, a sum of £5 4s. received on behalf of the writer of "Human Document" XCVII., was in our issue of November 12th credited to "Human Document" CVII. The money itself was, however, sent to the intended recipient.

TRADE NOTES.

Among the "hardy annuals" not the least welcome are Tom Smith's Crackers, an assortment of which has just come to hand. They are tastefully got up and are suitable for both juvenile and adult parties and other seasonable functions. The firm's enterprise in the cheaper sorts is very striking, their productions at sixpence and a shilling a box being worthy of all praise, while for the higher-priced boxes there is a corresponding increase in excellent value.

Messrs. John Walker and Co., Ltd., send up some of their well-known diaries. Their speciality appears to be the production of handsomely bound pocket companions, the renewable variety being specially praiseworthy.

Messrs. Chas. Letts are also to the fore, their commercial diaries, in particular, being excellently thought out and full of useful information.

THE MUSICAL EDUCATOR.

A Library of Instruction in Music.

The aim of "The Musical Educator" is to supply, in compact form, a complete Musical Education. Each department of musical knowledge is undertaken by an expert, and the work is an authoritative guide to everything relating to Music and Singing. The illustrations are particularly valuable; they portray the different instruments, attitudes in playing, etc., and include Five beautiful Frontispieces and Reproductions of valuable Photographs.

We would especially draw attention to the following names of Leaders in the Musical world, and of the subjects for which they are responsible. The practical value of these sections will be apparent to all students and professors of music and singing.

MARK HAMBOURG.
"The Piano and How to Play it."

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MADAME MARCHESI.
"The Teaching of Singing."

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"On Playing the Violin."

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The titles of a few of the sections are appended; every section is written by an expert.

Course on Voice Training, Singing, and Solfeggio. Course on the Pianoforte. On the Violin. On Harmonium and American Organ. On the Organ. Lessons on Scientific Basis of Music. On Rudiments of Music. Course on Harmony and Counterpoint. Lessons in Canon and Fugue. Lessons in Musical Forms, Analysis and Composition. Articles on the Instruments used in Orchestras and in Bands. History of Music. Articles on Children's Music and Musical Drill, on Choir Training and Conducting. Article on Congregational Music. Biographical Dictionary of Musicians. Article on Musical Degrees. Nationality in Music.

TWO OPINIONS.

Sir J. Frederick Bridge, Mus. Doc., Organist at Westminster Abbey:

"'The Musical Educator' is full of useful information plainly set forth. The musical illustrations are excellent."

Mr. Chas. J. Winyard, 29, Aberdeen Terrace, Tyne Dock:

"I find it of inestimable value in the education of my children, and also of great benefit to myself. The lessons are so graded that anyone should be able to make himself efficient by their study."

A FREE BOOKLET.

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Please send me, free of charge, and without any obligation on my part, your illustrated prospectus of "The Musical Educator," and particulars of your plan by which the five volumes are delivered for a first payment of 1s. 6d., the balance being paid by small monthly payments.

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"THE GODS ARE JUST—"

By Lucie Pike.

I shall kill myself to-night!

I ask no questions as to whether it be right or wrong. I know not what lies before me in the great Beyond—I, the famous theologian, who have dogmatised on these things a thousand times—the popular preacher—the successful ecclesiastic, as the world counts success. Yes, even the Bishop designate, for the Premier's letter lies before me as I write.

I have determined to end it all to-night, to ring down the curtain on the tragic farce of my life, and so to make reporters, and other batteners on carrion, happy for a day.

Am I mad? My pulse beats as strongly and as steadily as it ever did. My head aches, but it is clear and reasonable.

Why, then, do I do this thing, which the mildest of my critics to-morrow will stigmatise as my rash act?

It is because this world has become intolerable to me, and I hope—I cannot tell, but I hope—that the next may be less so.

It began one winter's night, just five-and-twenty years ago. I was living then with my mother in a quiet street in Brompton—Mother! Sweet saint, do you see your son now?—and was returning to town after keeping my term at Oxford.

The train had been exceptionally full, and a rush for cabs had taken place on our arrival.

Consequently I had had some difficulty in securing one, but had just settled myself comfortably in my hansom, when I saw that a pretty country girl, who had been in the compartment with me, had not been so fortunate, but appeared likely to be left in an awkward predicament unless someone came to her assistance.

Would that the Pit had yawned between us that night—anything to have prevented us from meeting—it would have been best for both.

I took her to her destination, a shabby street in Pimlico, where she was greeted sourly by a grim old aunt, who looked at me with deep suspicion and distrust, but I did not stay to explain matters, for I was in a hurry to get home to my mother, lest she should be anxious at my delay.

To her I made a lying excuse—I know not why—it was the first untruth I had told her in my life—how I had helped an invalid lady with her baggage—and she blessed me for her good, kind boy.

And so the consciousness of that, as yet, guiltless secret brooded like a dark cloud on my spirit, and spoiled the perfect sympathy that had hitherto existed between my mother and me. I met the girl again, in secret, and from the first our intercourse was furtive and stealthy, for her aunt was a grim old Calvinist, who disapproved of anyone being young and gay.

Her name was Kitty Tremaine, and she had never left Cornwall till now, when she had come up to London to enter the establishment of Messrs. Bibb and Tucker, the great Regent Street milliners.

Alas, poor Kitty! I can see her now as she was then so different—O God in Heaven, so different!—from what she was the time I saw her, only a few hours ago.

Soft tendrils of golden hair that curled lovingly around her ivory temples, large innocent dark blue eyes, a smile, that, with its baby sweetness and trustfulness, should have moved the most selfish rake to pity and to spare—Bah! what are these but the dry items of a catalogue? They cannot set Kitty before you. Let me hurry on. The time is short.

She had made a friend of a girl who worked in the same room as herself, a careless, good-for-nothing baggage, who, by some well-timed pseudo-religious talk, had won the good opinion of the aunt, and who, with the Devil her master, helped me to lure poor Kitty to her doom.

We began to go to entertainments together—innocent ones at first, then to others which were not innocent—always giving lying excuses to those who trusted to our honour.

Then came a time when the truth could no longer be concealed and Kitty was driven from her grim aunt's door.

Ah, God! when we stand together before the great White Throne, methinks the guilt of that ruined life will not be on my soul alone.

Then, when it was too late, I would have sacrificed all my prospects, my fair fame, even my mother's love, to undo what I had done.

But I could not. Kitty was gone, none knew whither, and for eighteen years she vanished out of my life.

How she lived all that time I know not. That it was all the life of shame in which I at last found her is incredible, but over it all must have hung the blight that was of my causing.

But my mother knew nothing of it all from first to last—I wonder whether she knows it now, in whatsoever bright realm she may be, and knowing, can look beyond it to the end?

She saw me curate of a fashionable West End church.

She saw me appointed, at an unusually early age, to my first incumbency, she heard me hailed as the "Boy Chrysostom," and knew that I was the pet of the wealthy and the great, and so died happy in what she believed to be the happiness of her darling.

Once I had all but gathered courage to turn away from the altar, and, confessing my sin, abandon all, but I dared not. My mother had sunk the last farthing of her capital—a very little money and a vast wealth of love and hope—in my career, and I could not shatter at a blow the crystal castle she had built, and though it was love to her, not to the calling, that urged me forward, I went on, and though my sin lay heavy on my soul, I became prosperous and even famous as a divine.

Then Helen Loraine swept like a glorious vision across my path, the poor parson won the love of one of the fairest and noblest ladies in England—aye, and the best, too—and I married the daughter of the Prime Minister of the day.

I had known something of the elevating influence of a good woman in my mother, but that exerted upon me by Helen was higher and holier still, and for the first time for ten years I began to feel at peace and happy.

Nor was it to me alone that she came as a ministering angel. She was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame; the poor, the suffering and the sinful blessed her every time they spoke of her.

And so eight years passed away.

One night I had been to a concert with my wife, and coming out got separated from her, and took a wrong turn down a dark and narrow street.

Here, in the gloom, a wretched drunken drab plucked me by the sleeve, whispering her vile ribaldry in my ear.

A feeling of nausea and repulsion seized me, quite unmixed with pity, and calling a passing policeman I gave her in charge, and he dragged her blaspheming and struggling away. But, as we stood for a moment in the glare of an electric lamp, I recognised her and *she recognised me.* O God! the horror of that moment! Shall I be tormented for ever in HELL by the vision of it?

That night I sobbed out the whole shameful story on my sweet wife's breast, and, with her loving arms about me, she soothed and comforted me, as she might have comforted a sorrowful and penitent child.

That we should seek out the unhappy woman whose life I had wrecked, and endeavour even at the eleventh hour to win her back from the powers of evil, seemed the only course to pursue, and with the aid of a private detective a keen and anxious search was commenced.

But it was not until six months after that we found her, fearfully ill of small-pox, in a Lambeth cellar.

She was too ill to be moved to a hospital, and, in spite of all my remonstrances and entreaties, my wife insisted that she should nurse her there herself.

It was suicide to do so, but there was a fate, a retribution, in it, and she had her way.

Within a week my darling, gallant wife was down with the loathsome disease, within a fortnight she was dead, and I was left to drink the bitter wine of memory to the dregs.

What had become of Kitty I could not tell. I knew not, nor cared very much in my agony, whether she had lived or died, and when I roused myself to make enquiries, she had disappeared once more.

But to-night I saw her again.

I was passing over Westminster Bridge. The tolling of Big Ben sounded like a funeral knell. The mists rolling slowly up the river with the tide, looked like a regiment of sheeted ghosts.

Down on the steamboat wharf some men of the Royal Humane Society were dragging something ashore. Something ghastly and swollen and bloated, with nothing at all romantic or even pathetic about it.

And this was the end.

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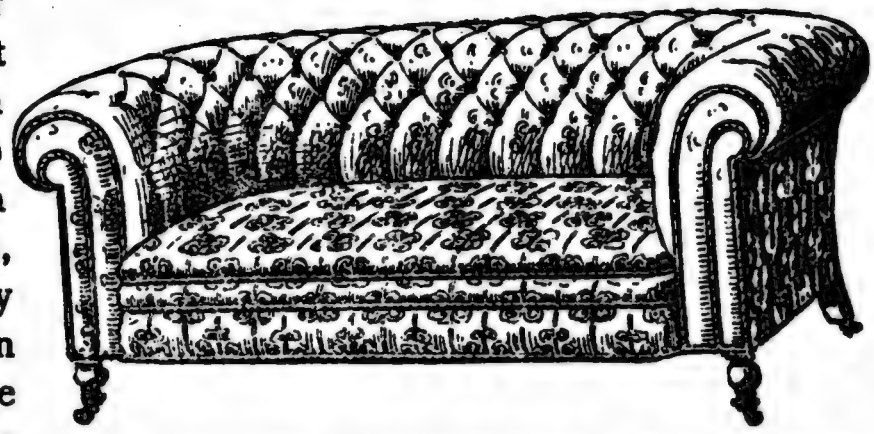

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THE ENGLISHMAN, AS SEEN BY A DUTCHMAN.

A REPLY TO JIM CROW'S BUNKUM.

By Jan Holland.

Is there a bigger hypocrite in the world than the Englishman? I don't think. Look at him on the exceptional fine Sunday perambulating his youngster, in frock-coat and top hat. And see this same chap on a trip to the Continent. How can an Englishman put down his experiences on the Continent, I ask you? He is most of the time drunk!

He is generally dressed in brown knickers with a yellowish Norfolk coat to match, and dons always a hideous coloured cap, usually a size too large even for his swollen head. Next to him you see some horrid creatures in petticoats, of which you cannot tell what is the front and what the back part, as they are just as nice developed as a piece of timber. They show more likeness with a dressed sweep than with anything else. Every time you think they will stumble, as it is nearly impossible for them to walk with their ridiculous high-heeled shoes.

And their faces, oh, how ugly! A monkey-house is a treat to see in comparison to their sullen, morose faces, draped with a heap of false hair, generally in a different colour than the little they can call their own, so that their heads look more or less like a rainbow.

There is not an uglier race on earth than the Englishman. It is all skin over bones; pale, haggard faces; deep, sunken eyes, tall without elegance in bearing; terrible big feet, thin long fingers (which is a true sign of their character, for they are thieves wholesale in international and retail in their own muddling affairs).

Pity the poor man who has to live amongst them. The food is shocking, everything cooked in water without adding salt; meat generally frozen, too much overdone in one instance, absolutely raw in another case, but always tasteless.

The English theatres are far behind those on the Continent; only in boxes, stalls and dress circle you can find comfortable seats. In the other places, even if you have to pay 5s. for a seat, you are crammed like sardines in a box. The plays you see are very poor. Since Shakespeare there has not been any playwright who can be compared with the great masters we have had and have still on the Continent.

Their musical comedies are all copied from the Continental ones; idea for music they have absolutely none.

The Englishman is a born boaster and awfully conceited. Although they have had many lickings in their time from the Dutch, the Spaniards and the French, and are going to have a final licking very soon from the Germans, they are always boasting yet on their great feats in history. They teach the children at school that Nelson and Wellington were heroes. Well, what would have become of Wellington at Waterloo without Blucher's help? As a Field Marshal, Wellington was not a patch on Napoleon.

The English school has the reputation of being the worst in the world. What do they teach their boys? Nothing but Greek and Latin, which help them to make their brains still more foggy, if that is possible. Later on they are educated by newspapers, who tell them all sorts of fibs and lies, which they take in for truths, having no gift of judgment of themselves.

If you do not belong to the Church of England you are nobody; in fact I have known Englishmen who did not care an iota about religion, but, as soon as they got on in the world, they went regularly to church every Sunday, sent the flowers and the fruit of their gardens to decorate the church, allowed the clergyman to use their lawns for religious meetings, so had the outward appearance of true Christians; but oh, if you had seen them in Piccadilly!

It is well to say the English are a damned nation; nowhere you find such a beastly climate as in England. The sky is usually as dirty and black as their hearts. It is no wonder you never see them laugh; a heavy atmosphere does make you feel awkward all the time.

In politics they make themselves so ridiculous that they amuse the whole of civilised Europe. Do you ever hear of horse-whip carrying Suffragettes outside England?

I could go on saying ever so many nice things, but in order not to trespass on the space-limit I think I had better finish here.

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS.

By Walter Moore.

V.—A HEREDITARY PEER.

A few days ago it was my painful duty to interview a representative hereditary peer—representative in the sense of well-representing his own particular and peculiar type. Blue blood—Prussian blue, to be exact—coursed through his branched veins, and generations of knightly—as well as nightly—deeds inspired his soul.

As a matter of fact, when I called at his chambers in Mayfair I was informed that Lord Blank Dash had not yet risen from his bed. Therefore, the hour being eleven o'clock in the morning, and my business brooking no delay, I prevailed upon the valet to lead me to his lordship's bedroom. There I discovered my noble and unconscious victim reclining between lace-edged sheets, attired in pale mauve silk pyjamas, his imperious brow buried in the yielding bosom of a pillow of the softest down.

"Good morning, my lord," I said, shaking him gently.

"Hello, ole chappie!" returned the nobleman, half opening his sleep-beclouded eyes. "You're beastly awfully early, give you my word. What?"

"My lord," I retorted in an admonitory tone, "it has struck eleven. The world is as well-aired as we may expect it to be in December. Will you rise, or will you condescend to answer in bed my few questions?"

Receiving no reply, I was not a little chagrined to discover that his lordship had merely turned over, fallen to sleep again, and recommenced snoring in a new key.

"My lord!" I cried, pinching his big toe through the bedclothes, "this is no time for slumber! The famous House of which you are a constant ornament is tottering to its fall!"

"Bai Jove! Is it weally?" exclaimed his lordship; with a feeble assumption of interest.

"The enemy are even now advancing to the attack," I continued, "bent upon destruction. Awake, arise,—or be forever fallen!"

"But Jeames hasn't laid my clothes out yet," protested his lordship, yawning and rubbing his eyes. "Wing the bell, there's a good fellah."

"'Tis useless, my lord," I said sorrowfully. "Even *you* cannot avert the coming calamity. Subtle traitors within, and openly vindictive foes without, have conspired to bring about its end. Its doom is sealed."

His lordship reached over to the bedside table and helped himself to a stiffish brandy-and-soda.

"It's a beastly bore," he murmured, lying back the next moment with a sigh of satisfaction. "I booked a stall for the season. Think I can get me money back?"

"Stall!—for the season!—Money back!" I repeated wonderingly. "What can your lordship mean?"

"Didn't you say the Empire is burnt down?"

"The Empire!" I reiterated scornfully. "I was endeavouring to remind you—perhaps somewhat too figuratively for your noble intelligence—that the House of Lords is about to be abolished."

"Oh, that old show!" cried Lord Blank Dash, an expression of relief flitting across his face.

"But think for a moment what it means," I pleaded.

"I nevah think," responded his lordship, sliding down into his bed again. "It's such a beastly bore. What?"

"But I see from the records that you voted for the rejection of many of the Bills sent up from the House of Commons," I remarked. "Surely you gave *some* thought to what you were doing?"

"Don't be a perfect ass," retorted his lordship sleepily. "All the beastly Bills sent up by a beastly Liberal Government simply have to be kicked out. One must keep the people in their place. What?"

"Ah," I returned; "but the time has come when the people have made up their mind to keep irresponsible hereditary peers such as yourself in *their* proper place. Nincompoops of your stamp have brought discredit upon an ancient and honourable assembly with a great and useful record reaching far back into past times, when the Commons of England were sunk in ignorance and superstition. Your abuse of power at the bidding of party feeling has aroused blind and bitter prejudice, for which the Empire as a whole will shortly suffer."

A loud snore being the only response to my oratorical efforts, I helped myself to a brandy-and-soda, and tip-toed softly from the room.

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DESULTORY DIVAGATIONS.

By Jim Crow.

[Mr. James Crow is our Licensed Crank. A brilliant exponent of unconventional ideas—invariably distorted and lacking in perspective; cynical and epigrammatic in expression—he is a journalistic cat amongst the pigeons. We accept no responsibility for his opinions—or his life.]

Fugitive thoughts are the blue lights of dawn as opposed to the red lights of chemists' shops. This beautiful thought occurred to me in the watches of the night when suffering from a bad attack of insomnia following upon a perambulation of Paris. One of my favourite dogmas is that sleep is useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished. Think of all the people who have died in their sleep. Think how horribly akin to death is that helpless and hopeless condition. Consider the enormous waste of time it involves, at least one-third of a man's life. I used to wish that some scientist would discover a simple substitute for sleep. Now I am not so sure. The horror of insomnia is not so much that you do not sleep, as that you can't sleep. You are not strong enough or well enough to get up and do things—besides there are so few things worth doing at about four in the morning, even in Paris.

Fugitive Pencils.

Insomnia is tantalising, for all manner of beautiful thoughts present themselves, and you know that most of them will certainly be lost. You do not want to put your arm out into the cold and wrestle with pencils and pieces of paper at a table by your bedside. The alternative of taking a pencil to bed with you is also unsatisfactory, for it possesses a positive genius for losing itself. Some day I shall preach a sermon about the elusive character of pencils in the hands of sheeted scribes. You doze, you drowse, you dream; then all of a sudden comes an inspiration; but your pencil-hunt will be almost as troublcome and disheartening as a flea-chase. The wretched thing disappears in folds of eiderdown or wanders away towards the latitude of your big toe. Then, just as you have given up all hope of ever finding it again, just as long-desired slumbers are returning, it reappears in the neighbourhood of your back and compels you to wake up with a jump. Perhaps there are few things so pathetic as a lost idea. A lost soul, or a lost memory, or a lost half-sovercign are not in it. I really think I shall have to organise a staff of secretaries to relieve one another all through the watches of the night, with shorthand note-books and pencils by my bedside.

Hideous Hours.

One of the lessons of insomnia is that every one of the hours possesses a personality. Four a.m. is perhaps the naughtiest of them all, cruel and horribly dissolute. Five is a bit of a mystery, either much worse or else the harbinger of milk and virtue. Six suggests the yawning, stretching, struggling efforts of serious toilers. The newspaper stall over the way begins to open, there are noisy market-carts, processions of trudging workmen, reappearances of omnibuses and trams. Some day, if you are good, I will go through all the twenty-four hours and give them each a name and a character and a description. I will now content myself with a passing reference to the colour of the small hours. When the town has ceased to be black it becomes mauve, then blue (a horrible yet fascinating blue of incredible haunting brightness), then an ashen grey like that of the face of a dead man, then the whiteness of a sheet. I am now talking only of winter. Of course, in happier seasons, sleepless persons may hope to behold a pink sunrise and other delights.

Happy Hermits.

Is it not nice to deduce so many sweet sensations from insomnia? I have found one also following on influenza. For three days and three nights I lived in a dressing-gown, alternating between bed and an armchair by the fire. Then it occurred to me to understand the blessedness of the life of a hermit. Previously, I had always looked upon that gentleman as a bit of a fool. But what a lot of trouble he spares himself by spending his life in a dressing-gown! No washing, no shaving, no taking thought about his raiment—just a loose, warm, comfortable garment from year's end to year's end. Of course it would require a good deal of courage or at least of conceit, to receive one's friends in a dressing-gown, even if they could be persuaded to come. But for philosophers and men of letters and other people who take no concern for their personal appearance, what a godsend!

The Dressing-gown Habit.

I think that all true Parisians ought always to live in dressing-gowns. They have the sloppy, unkempt temperament which goes with that costume. They think in dressing-gowns—cigarette-stained, unbrushed, unsightly, pestilential dressing-gowns. They might almost be accused of the dressing-gown habit, as others are of the drug habit or the drink habit or the unsettled conviction habit. Talking of thinking, has it ever occurred to you how your mind, soul and strength may be affected by thinking in foreign languages? I have now been about three weeks in Paris, and find myself thinking in Parisian, which is by no means thinking in French.

Foreign Thoughts.

Well, the effect of thinking in Parisian is to make you untidy, almost dissolute, jumpy, three-quarters crazy. You mutter silly little phrases and catch-words to yourself, utterly different from the kind of murmurs which emanate from your brain in unguarded moments in England. The same kind of thing happens in any country after about three weeks. In Germany you think brutally, coarsely, insolently, harshly, with many mental clearings of the throat. If you are taken suddenly by surprise you say "Ach!" whereas in England you would have said "Oh!" in Paris "Heu!" Thus do you translate your atmosphere. In Spain, on the other hand, you think with dignity, you fancy yourself kissing hands or walking in a procession or taking off an enormous hat, or telling a chance acquaintance that all you possess is at his disposal. In Italy you twitter, you behave as though you were swallowing imaginary macaroni, you stink of garlic which you have never tasted, you grimace, you shrug, you excite the envy of the monkey on the top of the organ. Seriously, it is quite a key to the temperament of a people to think in their language for a few weeks. Do just try thinking in Parisian; then you will never want to go to Paris again as long as you live. When you come home again and think in clean English, you will shudder over your dead self, as Dr. Jekyll might have shuddered over Mr. Hyde.

The Folly of Vice.

This leads me to quite a nice little moral discourse upon the folly of vice. In our own virtuous surroundings, we look upon vice as something which must be shunned, of course, but which is yet supposed to be sweet and gilded and picturesque, or at least fantastic. If I were the father of a family, I think I would send my sons to Paris from time to time for about three weeks to glean object-lessons in the hollowness of sin. No doubt they would commit follies during the first few days, but the least gleam of intelligence would suffice to teach them that vice is neither interesting nor satisfactory, and that the ministers of vice are all commercial people without the faintest vestiges of goodfellowship or sympathy or wit. After all, why not? The man who brings your bread or your milk in the morning does not care a scrap whether you have an appetite or a thirst. He is merely a cog in the machinery of the world. In the same way, the person who provides music or dancing or flirtation in Paris does so in a purely speculative spirit. Why should you imagine, because you are on the bust and feel benevolent towards everybody that damsels are likely to succumb to your bright eyes any more than cooks or waiters or tobacconists? If only people would realise this elementary fact, all vice would soon be at an end.

The Foolishness of Foreigners.

Paris is the City of Dreadful Light; Parisians consider themselves the brightest beings on the face of the firmament. Accordingly, they are hopelessly convinced of their supreme intelligence and of the abject imbecility of everybody else. Enter into conversation with any Parisian; and you will find that he or she starts out with the absolute conviction of your childish stupidity. You may be as brilliant as the Home Secretary, or as learned as the Master of Trinity, or as good an actor as the Bishop of London; but if you are potted down in the society of two or three Parisians, your intellect will immediately be assumed to be rather below the level of a Lap or a New Zealander. Even if you recover your breath and enunciate epigrams, they will not be listened to any more than you or I would listen for philosophic truths when confronted by a performing monkey. The average Parisian assumes that anybody who is not a Parisian must be half-witted. That is no doubt distressing to all persons who cherish remnants of vanity, but for people like Jim Crow it affords supreme opportunities for leg-pulling. More of this anon.

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OPEN LETTERS, POSTCARDS, AND TELEGRAMS.

To the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London.

MY LORD MAYOR AND GENTLEME ,—Travelling from town to Southampton a few days since, one of my correspondents saw something which I think I ought to tell you about. A crowd of people were watching the unloading of a goods van. On pressing through the crowd, my correspondent noticed a number of railway porters hauling out of the van live turtles and hurling them on to trucks. Many were either dead or dying. In some instances their fins were hacked and bleeding—in others broken; and they were being flung on their backs without a thought or a care.

If I am correctly informed, what happened in this particular case constitutes a common incident, and as you are probably the most copious consumers of turtle soup in the country, I ask you whether it is not possible to take steps to stop this glaring and callous cruelty—or, in the alternative, to stop the soup at the Guildhall.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Justice Joyce, Royal Courts of Justice, Strand, W.C.

M' LUD,—From time to time I have serious occasion to protest against the growing habit of a few judges, by no means examples of legal erudition or shining lights of judicial wisdom, of making a running fire of commentary during the trial of causes. These proclivities of mischievous and often foolish *caquetterie* not only bring the judges into ridicule and disrespect, but tend to undermine public confidence in the administration of justice. The looseness, the bias, the recklessness and the irresponsibility of some of these comments from the seats of judgment could not often be paralleled by the loosest, the most biased, the most reckless, and the most irresponsible newspaper. I trust that your lordship does not intend to make a practice of these improprieties of garrulity. And yet, when I regard your remarks in the case of Monckton *versus* a certain talking machine company, I think there is some danger in this respect.

"When a man has written a song or got a trade mark he thinks the whole world belongs to him," was one of your choice *obiters*. Will you tell me, my Lord, where and how you obtained your licence to inflict either your polemics or your personalities upon a court of justice? You went on to describe as "nonsensical" the laws you are appointed to administer. Supposing the plaintiff had risen in court and retorted that when a lawyer becomes a paid judge he seems to think he is entitled to pose as an infallible oracle on everything and everybody? It all comes to this, my Lord. Your business while on the bench, your only business, is to judge the cause on the facts, to keep a civil tongue and an unbiased mind throughout, and to restrain any talents for general *obiter dicta* which you may possess until you have licence to give them rein in the larger freedom and looser responsibilitity of social oratory.

JOHN BULL.

To Walter Harley, Esq., Chairman, Messrs. Ingall, Parsons, Clive, and Co., Undertakers' Furnishers, Birmingham.

MY DEAR WALLY,—I see you have been lamenting that trade is awfully dull. As you say, despite the increase in the population, the deaths for the year ended September 30th last were 121,089 below the total for 1900, and even as compared with 1909 the decrease was 36,898. I do not gather that you have any explanation to offer or any hypothesis to suggest in regard to this impressive refusal of the populace to purchase your fancy goods. I believe that Mr. Lloyd George claims this great reduction of the death rate as one of the most glorious beneficences of his Budget—whilst others attribute it to the high death duties.

If your business were purely local, it might of course be argued that the slump in coffins is directly due to the exclusive representation of Birmingham by the Tory party, and they might well isssue an election poster to the effect that every vote given to the Liberals was a vote for the undertaker. But the fact that you appeal to a much wider population somewhat detracts from the conclusiveness of this theory, and it may be that you will have to trust in Tariff Reform to improve your position. Of course, it would have to be on a scientific basis, and—say a tax on foreign timber, and a bounty on foreign corpses. Think it over between now and the next half-yearly Election.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Will Crooks, M.P.

DEAR BILL,—No one can possibly be angry with you, at any rate, for long. You are so brimful with sentiment or at least with sentimentality; you are so transparently honest and unselfish, albeit often a little dictatorial; you possess so eminently striking a personality, even when you strike most ferociously—that it is impossible to desire you to remain for ever in the obscurity of Poplar. All the same, I still maintain that the House of Commons is not the only sphere or even the best one for your peculiar activities and abilities. However, I hope that you will come back, unlike the Bourbons, having learnt much and forgotten many things. Try to be a little less noisy, a little more tolerant and, still more difficult for you, conscious of the fact that other people besides yourself may be actuated by good motives.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir John Harrington, late of Battersea.

DEAR SIR JOHN,—Well, you have made a mess of it, haven't you? With a three-cornered fight all in your favour, at any rate, on paper; with Mr. Burns's notorious "unpopularity" among the working classes, notorious, that is to say, on paper; with your distinguished reputation as soldier, administrator and minister plenipotentiary—you ought certainly to have had a very fair chance of getting in. The only conclusion I can come to is that, while you may know something about Abyssinia, you can know very little about London. Like ex-Mr. Roosevelt, you appear to understand big game abroad better than the little game of politics at home. You are a good sort, I believe, so I take the liberty of advising you in your own interests to study your fellow-countrymen a little bit more before you embark upon another electoral campaign. And be more careful, next time, as to whom you take on.

JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. T. Thesiger, British Minister to Abyssinia.

SIR,—My sincere sympathy on the assault to which you have been exposed. Abyssinians are perhaps the only remaining blacks in the world who can boast of having beaten white people in fair fight, and it is therefore intelligible that they should be rather uppish. We do not want a war in Abyssinia any more than anywhere else, but I hope you will make it clear to the Negus, if he be still alive after so many rumours of his death, that his independence subsists only on tolerance. In the remoteness of his mountains, the Abyssinian fondly imagines that he is far superior to the whites, and that he can do what he likes with them. It remains, therefore, for you and the representatives of other white Powers to make him understand as kindly as possible that this happens to be a delusion. For the moment, he is just possible as a buffer, but if he continues to fail to restrain himself, it may be necessary to teach him a lesson. And it is not every white Power that possesses the pugnacious limitations of the Italians. You personally have already exhibited courage in South Africa and tact in Servia. So I feel that I may rely confidently upon you to protect my interests. But do not let me hear again of assaults upon your person—which is the person of the representative of my country.

JOHN BULL.

Asquith, Balfour, and Co., Westminster.

Now perhaps you'll be convinced what a nuisance you are with your shibboleths and phylacteries. Better burn old stock at once and start trading in business commonsense. Can offer you reliable line on receipt order.

BULL.

John Redmond, Compass Adjuster, Erin.

Ship Home Rule sighted off Cape Home. Be ready adjust compasses in Asquith dock on reasonable terms; if price too high, may delay business.

BULL.

King Farlow, late of South Hackney and Sheffield.

Do try take your licking like a man. Even your late colleague, Roberts, is behaving better.

BULL.

Sir Thomas Whittaker.

To what do you attribute your narrow escape from defeat? Surely nothing to do with the Licensing Bill? Could it have been that Devil-and-his-pitchfork picture of our great Chancellor?

BULL.

ORDERS OF THE DAY.

DRILL-SERGEANT JOHN BULL:—"AS YOU WERE!"

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

I am receiving a good many enquiries with regard to the prospects of gilt-edged securities after the General Election. Of course, the political contests have been a disturbing factor, and an additional unsettling element has been introduced by speculation on the Stock Exchange in "majorities." The gamble was, of course, in the number of the Government's supporters to be returned, and after the optimistic Unionists had depressed the market to 45, there was subsequently a sharp and sustained rally to 135, on the disappointment of the Unionists' exaggerated hopes, though there has been a relapse to 121. I must say that I consider gambling in politics in this manner to be most reprehensible, and the people who have lost heavily in this outrageous speculation fully deserve what they got. Gilt-edged securities naturally have fluctuated a good deal, and finally they are not much above the lowest, as will be gathered from the following comparative table :—

	Highest 1910.	Lowest 1910	Touched Dec. 2nd.	Touched Dec. 7th	Present Price.
Consols	81⅛	76⅛	79 11-16xd	78⅝	79⅛
Irish 2½ per cent.	84⅛	81⅛	81xd	79½	80⅛
India 3 per cent.	85½	79⅛	82xd	81	81⅛
London County 3 per cent.	89	85⅛	85⅛	85⅛	85⅛

Personally I think that the fall has been overdone, and I cannot possibly see how the return of the present Government can make matters worse. In fact, those people must have been foolish who expected anything else. The sheet-anchor of investors just at present, however, is really the monetary position. As the matter stands now, it is quite on the board that the Bank rate may come down to 4 per cent., even in the present year, which would probably cause gilt-edged Home securities to improve. In the above list I have not included *Colonial Government Bonds*, which have remained remarkably steady throughout the political crisis, and in which a return of from 3⅝ to 3¾ per cent. per annum is to be obtained. It is in that direction that the prudent investor who does not wish to lose anything in the fluctuations of *Consols* will find favourable opportunities.

Spanish-American Finance Troubles.

Investors in this country have had some very unpleasant experiences in connection with their holdings of bonds of Spanish-American Republics—to be more precise, chiefly of Central American Republics. Of late the outlook seemed to be in favour of a concerted effort by defaulting Spanish Republics to come to an arrangement with their creditors, but latest events are not encouraging on this point. A scheme for the settlement of the *Costa Rica Debt*, upon which no interest has been paid for nearly 10 years, is still where it was. As the amount for which the Republic is in default is over three millions sterling, of which upwards of one million represents dividend arrears, the matter is of some importance. It is not surprising, however, that the bondholders refused to accept so inadequate a proposal, and now the Costa Rica Government has broken off negotiations, and the whole of the recent improvement has been wiped out again. Another effort is being made to bring about an arrangement in connection with the *Honduras Debt*, and in this instance President Taft, of the United States, has been induced to countenance the proposed settlement, going so far as to mention the matter in his message to Congress. This is probably done to conciliate Messrs. J. P. Morgan and Company, who have had the matter in hand for some time, their options to purchase each £100 of Honduras bonds with overdue coupons for £50 cash expiring in February next. It is certainly desirable that this matter should be got out of the way, and in any case no very high amount could be expected by the bondholders, considering that the debt was incurred under by no means creditable circumstances. Even now, it will require a good deal of "palm oiling" in connection with the House of Assembly of that Republic to push the matter through. The price of the bonds at present is 11½, so that there is here a very considerable margin of profit.

A Tempting Argentine Railway Preference Share.

Argentine Rails are not generally so firm as they have been, owing to damage by drought to the wheat crop in the southern portion of the Province of Buenos Ayres. *Buenos Ayres and Pacific* have eased to 94, but *Central Argentine* Ordinary are very firm at 108, and this is the pick of the basket. Compare *Central Argentine*, at 108, with a 6 per cent. dividend, and a prospective 7 per cent., and *Buenos Ayres and Pacific*, with a 3 per cent. dividend and a prospective 4 per cent. at 94! It should, however, pay investors to devote attention to a few of the minor securities. Take *Cordoba and Rosario Railway* Second Preference. The stipulated amount of £50,000 as the company's reserve fund has now been reached, so that the board will henceforth be able to pursue a more liberal policy as regards dividends. The position of the line is still improving, and for the last twenty-two weeks there has been a sufficient expansion in the traffic receipts to permit of the payment of the full 4 per cent. on this stock, with something over for the Ordinary. The position of the line is an excellent one, between the Cordoba Central and the new Buenos Ayres Extension Railway, and it should benefit considerably from the direct line to Buenos Ayres. The last dividend paid on this Second Preference stock was in November, 1905, but assuming the dividend to be resumed at the full rate, the yield, on the basis of the present quotation of 60, would be £6 13s. 6d. per annum.

"Bear" Reign in Kaffirs Coming to an End—Tanganyika's Capital Needs Cause a Temporary Spasm in Rhodesians.

The "bears" have so long reigned in the *Kaffir Circus* that they actually feel hurt when some development comes along which threatens to dispossess them. From the intrinsic point of view there is certainly every reason why the patient "bulls" should now have a turn. The November gold output of the Transvaal showed a decrease of only 10,556 ozs., as compared with October, and, as there was one working day less during the past month, the showing is really very satisfactory, especially when the shortage in native labour is also considered. Increases are now, however, in sight. Much interest attaches to the *Central Mining* meeting on the 23rd inst., but we may be sure that the speakers will say everything that is calculated to enable the Wernher Beit absorption scheme to go through. One of the features has been the strength of *Randfontein Centrals*, which touched 2 13-16, and now stand at 2¾ bid. Sir Joseph Robinson is on his way up from Cape Town to set the mill going, which plant is the largest and most up-to-date on the Rand, so that the company will be earning big dividends from the outset. Then again, *Randfontein Estates* have been a particular feature of strength at 2 11-32.

Considerable interest attaches to the position in Rhodesians, and a severe spasm has been caused by the *Tanganyika* and *Zambesia* directors' reports, which show that the *Tanganyika's* capital needs are insatiable, and have caused it to dip still deeper into the *Zambesia's* purse. But it passes comprehension why a fall in these shares should have upset the others so much. More likely, the general decline was caused by the throwing-out of shares by the Scotch banks, as usual at this time of the year. I am glad to see that prices are rallying again, notably my favourites—*Rhodesia Exploration* at 3 1-16, *Selukwe Columbia* at 3 13-16, *Antelopes* at 2, and *Lonely Reefs* at 2 27-32. There is further good news concerning the last-mentioned. *Hays* are firm at 1⅞, the latest cable giving assays up to 88 dwts. per ton. An unfortunate *contretemps*, but which will not have taken my readers by surprise, is the impending shutting-down of the *Selukwe* Gold Mine, and the heavy fall in the shares to 3s. 6d. I have consistently advised my readers not to dabble in these, and only a few days before the final collapse came I accentuated my warning in still stronger terms. *Rhodesia Consolidated* have been up to 7s. 6d., and now stand at 7s. These are very promising!

Westralians Unsettled—Golden Horseshoes Decline—My Paringa Tip Comes Off—The Mexico El Oro Squabble.

Westralians have been a very unsettled market, and no wonder! The *Golden Horseshoe* has actually been working at a loss during the past month, and the *Ivanhoe* is reducing its working next year from a monthly profit of about £20,000 to £18,000. Such developments are not likely to make for confidence. The *Bullfinch* gamble, too, has died down, these shares being barely maintained at 2¾, while other descriptions are absolutely weak. The wages question, too, is causing considerable trouble on the new field. My tip with regard to *Paringas* has come off, and the price has risen to 2s. 3d.—2s. 6d., while a further rise is probable, in view of the continued encouraging developments connected with the new discovery, latest assays ranging up to 21 dwts. per ton. By the way, that somewhat impatient reader who has written to me concerning the *London Australian and Exploration* report has now an opportunity of reading this document, which discloses a satisfactory position of affairs, the profits having sufficed to meet the whole of the heavy expenditure incurred upon exploratory work, etc., and to leave a balance of £1,234 to be carried forward. The feature in the Mexican division has been the fluctuations in *Mexico El Oros*, as a result of the squabble amongst the English and French sections of the shareholders. The latter want to turn out the present board, who, however, are fighting the proposal tooth and nail. Possibly, some interesting disclosures will be made at the special meeting which has been requisitioned by the French group. We will—wait and see!

THE DRAWBACKS OF THE JUNGLE MARKET—LATEST PRESTEA PROPOSALS.

It is the curse of the Jungle market that it receives no encouragement from the big groups which have taken West African gold mining in hand. On the contrary, it strikes one sometimes as if these groups in their policy were determined to discourage the shareholders and shake them out. A case in point has now again arisen. The *Prestea Block "A"* property has as a neighbour the Prestea Mines property, and then again the *Anfargah property*, the three making a very nice large block. The *Prestea Block "A"* was earliest in the field with development and crushing, and it obtained on July 30th, 1909, an option from the *Prestea Mines, Ltd.*, for two years to acquire its assets, including any cash, but excluding any shares held in other companies, for the sum of £237,904, payable by the allotment of 118,952 fully-paid shares of the *Prestea Block "A" Ltd.*, being at the price of £2 per share, with the proviso that if the quoted price of the shares of the Prestea Block "A," Ltd., was under £2 per share at the date on which the option was exercised, the difference was to be payable in cash. Shafts have since been sunk also on the Prestea Mines property, and the results obtained were excellent, the property proving much richer than that of the Prestea Block "A"; vet now it is reported that this option is to be exercised on altogether modified terms, and that instead of the Block "A" shares being reckoned at £2 per share, the difference being paid in cash, the *Prestea Mines* are to be satisfied with receiving the Block "A" shares, which are now quoted 30s. only, with a small cash payment, variously given as either 9d. or 3s. per share. Nothing is stated with regard to the large holding of the *Prestea Mines, Ltd.*, in the Anfargah property, which is also proving very valuable, and I take it that this is still excluded from the arrangement, and I protest in the name of numerous shareholders in the *Prestea Mines, Ltd.*, against such a modification of the arrangement. The option to begin with was not a favourable one to *Prestea Mines*, and after July 30th, 1911, they would be able to do much better. It is, therefore, no advantage that the arrangement is to come into force at once. On the contrary, it is for the convenience of the Prestea Block "A." I think that the shareholders ought to insist upon the old arrangement being kept to, and if any of the larger proprietors will take the matter up, I shall be pleased to place them in communication with other shareholders who take an interest in the matter. I may state that only the chairman, Mr. Edmund Davis, is on the board of both companies, while Colonel F. B. Lousada, C.B., Mr. J. C. Sanderson, Mr. E. W. Janson, and Mr. H. White, the other Prestea Mines directors, are not connected with the Prestea Block "A." A grave responsibility, therefore, attaches to them to see that their own shareholders are fairly treated, and I call upon them to resist any pressure, and to strike out, in case of need, an independent policy.

CHILLAGOE.

A relapse in Chillagoe shares to 5s. 9d.—6s. has been solely caused by a block in weak hands coming on the market. As soon as this is absorbed, a strong recovery is certain, as the position of the company is better than ever. Take the Chillagoe and Etheridge Railway net earnings alone: for September £7,093, October £7,682, November £7,741—profits at the rate of £90,000 per annum. A little bird whispers to me that a big operator now in the Colonies may any day clear the market, in which case the shares will take a jump.

ROME INTERNATIONAL AMUSEMENT AND CONSTRUCTION CO.

This company will provide the amusements for the great Rome International Exhibition of 1911, and has for that purpose an exclusive concession. This exhibition, being supported by the Government of Italy, will no doubt be a great success, and the Amusement Company should make good profits, as such successful items as the Scenic Railway, New York to the North Pole, and Katzanjammer Castle, are included in the extensive programme. The company also acquire exclusively the use of magnificent refreshment rooms and buffets. It starts business early in 1911, and it is estimated that the great exhibition will attract upwards of seventeen million visitors. The company has also the monopoly for six years of the installation and exclusive running of attractive games and amusements in the celebrated Zoological Gardens of Rome, together with the sale of refreshments and the free use of the magnificent restaurant, and all this for the very low rent of £2,000 per annum, free of rates and taxes. As the company is moderately capitalised, it would not be surprising to see the £1 shares rise to a premium. This is, of course, a speculative investment, but the shareholders are likely to have a good run for their money.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

(1) Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, JOHN BULL, 2, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but as tokens of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.

(2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials, under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.

(3) Replies are made only in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.

(4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.

(5) If inquirers wish it, for transacting business, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Enquiry.

SMALL INSTITUTION.—C. R.—No information is available. It is obviously a very obscure concern. I advise you to connect yourself only with one of the leading institutions of the kind, or, better still, save up your money in the P.O. Savings Bank until you have a sufficient amount as a deposit, and raise the balance by ordinary mortgage.

ARGENTINE TRAM DEBENTURES.—E. J. M.—A good investment of the kind, but of the second grade only.

LENA GOLDFIELDS.—LENA.—A promising mining enterprise, and satisfactory statements were made at last Wednesday's meeting with regard to the outlook. It is not advisable, however, to load yourself up too much with any single mining share, however promising.

DERELICT MINES.—X. X. X. X.—All are more or less derelict, and there is no quotation for any of them.

BANK OF U.S.A.—U.S.A.—I cannot trace it in either the usual English or American books of reference.

DIVIDENDS.—J. C. C.—The dividends deducted were as follows:—Union Pacific, 2½; Canadian Pacific, 2.

CORPORATION.—W. L. (Clapham).—Better take the surrender value, and invest your money in sound securities. You will find this far preferable in the long run.

LOW-PRICED WESTRALIAN.—SCRIPT (Great Harwood).—I should be sorry to recommend these as a "good investment." On the contrary, they are more than usually speculative, even for a mining share, and there is no estimate of a "life." You would do far better to go into, say, sound Kaffirs.

SOCIETY BONDS.—M. C.—The only way is to advertise, if there is no surrender value.

ATCHISONS, ETC.—ENQUIRER.—(1) I advise you to have nothing whatever to do with these outside brokers. (2) The people operate their "system" to their own advantage, so that nothing would be gained by such an explanation. (3) Atchison were quoted ex. 1½ dividend in November; presumably you are entitled to the dividend.

IRISH LANDS, ETC.—A. L. B.—(1) Of equal safety to Consols. You need have no fear on that score. (2) Presumably, you limit your requirements to securities of the Trustee class. Amongst these, you can buy Richmond (Surrey) Corporation 3 per Cent. at 80; Western Australian 3½ per Cent. Bonds at 95½; and Hull and Barnsley Railway 3 per Cent. Debentures, at 80.

AMERICANS.—BERGAMOT.—All three stocks are freely dealt in in London, and there should be no difficulty about the certificates. The American Association of Bond and Share Holders, Limited, 5 and 6, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C., are of considerable use in such matters.

INVESTMENTS.—BRYN.—(1) Sound bank shares, but not much margin for capital appreciation. (2) I do not think so. (3) You might have bought Associated Cements, but it is now rather too late. Why not pick up some sound dividend-paying rubber shares? (4) Yes, all the leading stocks, of which I have often given tables. (5) Yes. (6) This has been forwarded. ANXIOUS (Guernsey).—All are fair second-grade holdings, but No. 6 are speculative, and do not even pay dividends. Sell these, as well as Nos. 1 and 2, and re-invest in Home Railway Preferences of the better class, yielding up to 4½ per Cent. per annum, and in Colonial Government bonds, but the yield of the latter does not exceed about 3 11-16. THRIFT.—I strongly advise you to put your money into sound securities. Home Rails would be quite suitable, I send the address of a firm of stockbrokers, through whom you could make your purchases.

KAFFIRS.—HORATIO.—Close the deal, and put your money instead into a Kaffir of known promise—such as Randfontein Central, which will shortly commence to crush.

REDEEMABLE SECURITIES.—X. Y. Z.—Such conditions are difficult to fulfil, as recent events show that even the highest class securities are not proof against depreciation. Irish Lands, London County 3 per Cent., and West Australian 3½ per Cent., meet your wants are far as possible.

SMALL MINING SHARE.—S. A. V.—In your position, you should not have invested in speculative enterprises. The company is a promising one, and the shares have merely gone down because general market conditions have been against them. They should rally again eventually.

£10,000 ON DEPOSIT.—NIAOLUI.—The bank in question has had its ups-and-downs, although it is now in a distinctly better position. However, £10,000 is altogether too much to have on deposit, and you had better invest it in sound securities, such as the following selection:—Irish 2½ per Cent., at 80½, xd; Transvaal Guaranteed 3 per Cent., at 91½, xd; India 3 per Cent., at 81½, xd; London County 2½ per Cent., at 72; Newfoundland 3½ per Cent. Inscribed, at 96; Western Australian 3½ per Cent. Inscribed, at 95½; Brighton Railway 6 per Cent. Preferred, at 132; Great Central Railway 5 per Cent. 1881 Preference.

LOCAL LOANS.—J. L.—Your stock is, of course, only worth the present market quotation, viz., about £93 5s. per £100 stock, but, in view of the more encouraging political and monetary developments, you should stand where you are for the present. Of course, you can sell the stock, when you wish to, through the same agency. WIFIE.—She will have to pay the commission, no doubt, but if it is only a question of transferring from one name to another, there should not be any loss over the transactions. You do not say at what price the stock was bought.

VARIOUS INVESTMENTS.—CAUTIOUS.—A to D are the best securities in your list. E is second-rate, and F and G third-rate. H are all right as a lock-up, but they usually move with Americans, and any reaction in the latter will enable you to get in cheaper. P. A. W. (Sheffield).—(1) Withdraw the money if possible, and re-invest in sound securities. (2) I do not think at all well of the concern. (3) See my articles. (4) I send you the address of a suitable firm, who will advise you on all these points.

LOAN FEE.—H. D. (Swansea).—I have heard nothing, good or bad, concerning the bona fides of the firm, but I should not care to entrust them with such fees, unless you can get an undoubted guarantee of some sort or other that the money will be returned if the transaction is not carried through.

INDUSTRIAL CO.—BEGINNER.—You are liable for 5s. per share, but not more. No information has yet been published as to the progress which the concern is making.

RUBBERS.—VERITAS.—My opinion of the concern is not favourable, but the question is whether you might not be forced by law to pay up the calls, even if you forfeited the shares. I am afraid you would. G. W. P.—You are right to have misgivings. The concern is not even mentioned in the latest reference books, and it looks as if the investment will prove a dead loss to you.

AUSTRALIAN MINE.—S. K. A.—This concern has proved so disappointing, that I hesitate to recommend a purchase of the shares now.

INVESTMENT AND DEBENTURE SYNDICATE.—DINNIS.—I cannot find out anything concerning it, but I strongly advise, instead, investment in sound and marketable securities.

CHAMPION AND SLEE.—G. B.—The dividend for the year ended September 30, 1909, was 4 per cent. That for the current year will be announced in the course of the present month.

TRUST.—A MEMBER.—If you have signed such a contract, you cannot, of course, get your money out until the time expires. Otherwise, you might employ a solicitor in the matter.

BANK SHARES.—CHARLES.—The probability of a call is extremely remote, but if you are still uneasy upon the subject, you can insure against it at Lloyd's, or realise and put the money into sound fully-paid securities. At present, Home Rails look most tempting.

AMERICAN MINING CO.—GREEN HILLS NO. 17.—Nothing is known regarding this concern, which looks extremely doubtful, and, of course, the shares are unsaleable. Let this be a lesson to you and your friends not to buy such obscure American mining shares again, but only to go into those which are dealable on the London or Provincial Stock Exchanges.

CONTINENTAL STATE LOTTERIES.—TALLY (Cambs).—I know nothing against these Hamburg people. They are merely intermediaries for the sale of tickets in the State Lotteries. The latter are respectable enough, but I am told that a great deal of money sticks to the fingers of the intermediaries. Lotteries are illegal in this country, and that is the reason why no London firm can take the matter up. SPECULATOR (Edgbaston).—I cannot give you the name of any reliable English firm which deals in Foreign Lotteries, as distinct from Foreign Premium Bonds, as such traffic is illegal in this country.

HOME RAILS.—ADVISER (Liscard).—I send you the address of a stockbroker, who will instruct you as to the procedure. You could not do better than put the money into Home Rails at the present juncture. ZULU.—Midland Deferred should suit you.

N.Y. TELEPHONE BOND.—A LIBERATOR VICTIM.—A fair investment, but little margin for capital appreciation.

MINING.—WORRIED.—I am afraid that you have every reason to be worried regarding your holdings. Practically the only one with any pretensions at all is No. 8. Get rid of the others as the opportunity offers, and go in for some of the shares recommended in my articles.

KITHMAC.—CANNY SCOT.—No information is available here, and I do not recommend purchase of the shares. Of course, there is no market.

PROFIT.—J. C. F. H.—Your profit should be £24 15s.

CHILLAGOE.—W. P. K.—You are quite right that the Chillagoe Company is most promising, and will yield good dividends in time, and if you could buy at about 6s., you should do so. The latest reaction was due entirely to a block of shares coming on the market. You are quite right, the Chillagoe holds 50,000 Mungana shares, which, in time, should also become valuable.

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.—E. B. (Bristol).—Yes, there is no doubt about your being liable for the contango in question. The documents are returned. W. J. (Bridgead).—Evidently you have not counted the option money which you have to pay, and which has to be deducted from the profit. You seem to be under the impression that you must make profits. Surely, you will quite understand that you have been gambling.

ADVANCE ON RUBBER ESTATE IN TRAVANCORE.—J. B.—You say that your brother, manager of a rubber company in Travancore, requires an advance of £4,000 for the purchase of another rubber property of great potentialities. This obviously does not enter into my province, but perhaps it may suit one of the many readers of JOHN BULL, to whom I will send the particulars if so requested.

MINING DEAL.—CHARTER.—Presuming that the deal was carried out with members of the Stock Exchange, I do not think you will be able to plead the Gaming Act with success, and will therefore have to put up with the consequences.

WESTRALIAN CO.—S. S.—You are very impatient. The statutory report was submitted on October 21st, 1909, so that the next annual report is hardly due yet, and I have no reason to suppose that there will be any undue delay in its issue. See information in to-day's articles.

INDUSTRIALS.—CYMRO.—Both are satisfactory Industrial holdings, but, obviously, the Debentures are better than the Preference shares.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—CORNWALL.—After my repeated warnings against dealings with such outsiders, you can hardly expect much sympathy from me, except that "I told you so." If these people have levanted, it will be a wild-goose chase to try and catch them. They will probably open again somewhere else, under a different name, and catch more flies in their traps. X. D.—Another outside firm of the same kidney as those mentioned in reply to "Cornwall" above. What is the good of locking the stable door after the horse has been stolen? Do not entrust them with any more money, which will only go the same way as the other, and deal only with members of the Stock Exchange in future. DUM SPIRO.—It is very foolish of you to send your money for a special stock operation in American Rails merely on the circular of an outside concern, of which you had never heard before, and it serves you quite right that you have lost the money. You have not the slightest redress against the London and British Stock and Share Corporation, of Crown Buildings, 79, Queen Street, as American Rails have fallen heavily, and your margin was promptly engulfed. Why do you throw your money away in this manner? It is quite immaterial from whom these people got your name in the first instance. SIMPLETON.—I am glad you escaped loss in the Charing Cross Bank, against depositing with which I had, moreover, warned all those who enquired of me. It certainly would not be right for you, as a working man, to speculate with the concern in question. You would be bound to lose your money. Keep it in the Post Office Savings Bank.

NORTH KIMBERLEY DIAMOND MINES.—QUERIST.—Advices from the North Kimberley Diamond Mines continue very satisfactory, and this, combined with the heavy applications from the old Otto Kopje shareholders, has lifted the quotation substantially since I first directed attention to the shares. The Special Settlement has been fixed by the Committee of the Stock Exchange for the 21st inst. The price of the shares is 11s. 9d. to 12s. 3d.

PREMIUM BONDS.—PARIS.—There is nothing against these Ottoman Premium Bonds, but you must quite understand that the prizes are few and far between, and take the place of a portion of the interest. Such a purchase is not for a person who, as you say, is "none too flush of the needful at any time." AGNES D.—I am not surprised that you were not properly looked after by the people mentioned. All I can do is to send you the name of a respectable firm of Foreign Bankers in London, which I have always found trustworthy. A. C. —This foreign firm is not trustworthy, in so far as they generally charge a great deal above market price. I therefore send you the name of a firm in London, which will treat you fairly.

OIL SHARES.—NOSREDNA.—As you are not in need of the money, it should be worth while holding both shares for a recovery. This, however, cannot come about until the oil war is over. With regard to your latter question, I prefer investment in sound securities. MUSWELL.—The shares cannot very well go much lower now, and there is always the prospect of a turn for the better. In the circumstances, you had better hold. Perhaps the improvement will come when the shares are fully paid-up. ETHEL A. P.—I do not care for these shares, and you might sell on any favourable opportunity, and reinvest in the Malkop group, where much better opportunities are offering. AGED.—Skinner's Manual on Oil, etc., Companies, published at 11-12, Clements Lane, E.C., should suit you. (1) No dividends have yet been paid, but at December 31st, 1908, there was a credit balance of £4,761. In May this year, the price crossed 33s. (2) Say, the price already mentioned. GWALIA.—You are not the only one who has to complain of the decline in oil shares, and there is no option but to hold, unless you are prepared to sell at a loss. The traction company in question is a local concern, about which no information is available in London, and there is no market for the stock.

SEVEN INVESTMENTS.—JOAN.—All the investments in question are sound, but I hesitate to recommend No. 1 for an obvious reason, viz., the fact that the new land taxation is pressing hardly upon most of such concerns.

HOME RAILWAY PREFERREDS.—MRS. M. B. S.—Yes, withdraw the money from deposit, and put it into Home Railway Preferreds. The dividend on the latter is not absolutely guaranteed, or they would not be giving such a comparatively good return. They, however, rank before the Deferred stocks for dividend.

MIDLAND DEFERRED.—C. L. (Ilford).—Midland Deferred are still worth attention, but you must be aware of my views with regard to outside brokers, as well as such fancy transactions, which usually result in loss to the operators. It is by far the best plan in the long run to buy through a member of the Stock Exchange. Remember that any outside broker does not work for nothing, and if he does not nominally charge commission, he gets it back from you by charging a higher price, or in some other way.

GAS COMPANY.—CAXTON.—This means, evidently, that the company will not be able to pay the interest to the shareholders. I do not like the concern, but I am afraid you will experience great difficulty if you try to get rid of the shares.

WEST RAND CONSOLS.—W. D. C.—This is a bad time to sell Kaffirs, and you would be well advised to hold for the present, at any rate. The information given me was obtained from the best sources, but circumstances may, of course, alter cases.

MONASTERY DIAMONDS.—MAJOR.—You seem to have misunderstood by remarks. But if you write to Mr. Harry Bax, Blomfield House, London Wall, E.C., he will no doubt enlighten you.

WEST AUSTRALIAN FARM MORTGAGE.—B. S. S.—It is, of course, difficult to negotiate the sale of such a security in this country, and I should think you had better sell through the person from whom you made the purchase, but if you were to write to the London Manager of the Bank of Adelaide (which also represents the West Australian Bank), at 11, Leadenhall Street, E.C., he might advise you in the matter.

BANK DEPOSITS.—ORCADIA.—Leading Joint Stock Banks would not give such terms, but why not invest the money in Home Railways, in which you can easily get 4½ to 5 per cent., in thoroughly sound stock? (2) Outside brokers. You should deal through a member of the Stock Exchange. J. W. G.—The money should be safe enough now, after the run has been successfully resisted, but it is always more satisfactory to have the security in your own hands. Why do you not invest the £400 in Home Railway stocks, in which you can easily get from 4½ to 5 per cent. with perfect safety by employing a respectable broker, member of the Stock Exchange, and also have the prospect of a further rise in the market?

CAN. PACS.—J. G. B.—The stock carried the dividend and bonus up to November 30th, on which day the amount was deducted, and the price quoted xd.

LOTTERY GAMBLING.—RODFORD.—The Royal Hungarian Lottery is genuine enough, but the intermediaries are not to be depended upon, and I must decline all responsibility. You know, moreover, that lotteries are illegal in this country.

INSURANCE REPLIES.

Insurance Enquiries should be addressed Insurance Editor, 67, Long Acre, W.C.

IRISH PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION.—FAIRPLAY (Manchester).—We have now looked into this matter as promised, and must point out in the first place, that you have given us much unnecessary trouble by not sending us your name and address. The whole trouble seems to have arisen from your having left Gloucester without informing the company's representative in the district. In consequence, your postal-order miscarried. The managing director of the London and Provincial Insurance Company had much difficulty in tracing the matter, and we understand from him that he has now communicated with you, returned your postal-order, and explained to you how, through your own fault, the hitch arose.

CITY LIFE ASSURANCE.—A. K. (Southampton).—We have enquired into this matter, and do not see that you have reasonable ground for complaint. You applied for full insurance benefits and the medical examination, made in the usual way, was not favourable. As to the surrender value, you are entitled to one-third the amount paid in, plus the present cash value of the bonus additions, and this was offered you. You may, of course, continue your present contract, which provides for the return of the premiums plus 2 per cent. compound interest, and bonus additions in the event of death. You are also entitled to apply for a loan for house purchase under the policy for the full amount of the sum assured, or in lieu of the surrender value you could obtain a fully paid-up policy for the actual amount paid in by way of premiums, plus the face value of the bonus additions. EXON (Exeter).—At the price named they ought to be a bargain.

LAW, CAR AND GENERAL.—ROGER (Putney).—(1) Yes, if there is a call you will have to meet it. (2) Allowing the shares to lapse would not relieve you of your liability. (3) The present position of the company cannot be said to be satisfactory, or anywhere near it.

OLD AGE PENSION TRUST.—DAN (Southampton).—We have not seen any actuarial valuation which warrants us in recommending this trust.

EMPIRE GUARANTEE AND INSURANCE.—T. M. (Hackney).—We can see no excuse whatever for the delay in paying the £1 5s. claimed by, and due to, you from this company. Our advice is to sue if there is any further delay in payment of a claim the validity of which we understand is not disputed.

ESSEX AND SUFFOLK EQUITABLE.—E. J. J. (Sutton Coldfield).—Yes, we should think it very suitable.

LONDON, EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW.—A. J. (Stockport).—The company has passed under other control, and this may account for the delay in the collector calling. You should, however, communicate with the Head Office.

INDUSTRIAL INDEMNITY CORPORATION.—E. A. W. (Smethwick).—We do not recommend it. A. L. (Abertillery).—Ditto. SHRIMPER (Brixton).—Ditto.

UNIVERSAL INSURANCE LOAN AND INVESTMENT COMPANY.—L. W.—Having regard to the collapse of this concern, we think you would be acting prudently in accepting the offer of transfer. The company named by you is sound.

SALVATION ARMY ASSURANCE.—A. R. (Sheerness).—In the circumstances, we should be inclined to drop it.

NATIONAL COMMERCIAL INSURANCE.—G. A. J. (Upton Park).—The answer is in the negative.

CLAIM UTON COMPANY.—W. T. (Haslemere).—So far as we can see, if you took the matter into Court, you would lose your case. We do not see how you can get over the conditions of the transfer proposal form, to which your attention has been directed by the Secretary of the company. It is no answer in law to say that the canvasser who called upon you led you to believe that the conditions of insurance were different. The company is bound, not by what its canvassers say, but by the printed matter upon the forms it sends you. We return the form and the company's letter.

STATUS OF COMPANY.—B. M. (London).—It is not a strong company.

GENERAL INDUSTRIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—J. A. (Stoke Hammond).—You should put the matter into the hands of a solicitor.

RAMPANT UNEMPLOYMENT AND INSURANCE COMPANY.—J. D. (St. Leonards-on-Sea).—We do not recommend it.

POST OFFICE INSURANCE.—E. E. C. (Barnsbury).—You should inquire at the Post Office, where you will get authoritative information.

TWO INSURANCE COMPANIES.—F. T. L. (Bensham).—Of the two, we should prefer the Wesleyan and General.

GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—G. H. M. (Bradford-on-Avon).—We see no reason why you should sell, but you will remember that the uncalled capital liability is £95 per share

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REMARK that this Record Rise is not a mere "snap" success, but a systematic advance from triumph to triumph, the legitimate outcome of foresight, knowledge and judgment. It is simply system. There is the whole secret in a crystal. A perfected system of our own, based upon intuitive knowledge borne of a lifelong experience of the forces that dominate the Stock and Share market. This, coupled with exclusive inside information operated with sane, logical business principles, and directed in the right channel, invariably leads to success, to fortune.

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THE ARMY—FROM WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

THE DEFENCES OF THE TYNE.

By Allan Sutor.

When the Liberal Government came into power several years ago, their avowed object was to effect economy at whatever cost. This was to be the "liberal" way of enforcing efficiency in our great public services. A beginning was made almost immediately. A Board of Military "Experts" was called together, a General was placed at its head. Fortified by a War Secretary with the most up-to-date political principles, and far from being hampered or hindered by a knowledge of military science, this Board made a triumphal tour of the globe. They visited all our garrisons and colonial stations. They had, indeed, the time of their lives. They ate well, they drank well, they slept well. Last, but not least, they did not forget their instructions. One instance of their zeal and enthusiasm is the present condition of the defences of Tynemouth Castle. This fort consisted of three guns—one large powerful piece and two small ones. The large gun was placed on the only commanding position in the Fort. By its situation, it controlled the whole of the sea-front. Incidentally, therefore, its command included that section of sea area on the flank of the two small guns. But for the position of the big gun, the small guns would have been vulnerable to an attack directed from their flank. It was, therefore, the position of the large gun which made the position of the two small ones tenable. The position of the big gun was, in fact, the foundation of the general scheme of disposition of the guns. But military "experts" hold decided views of their own. If you ask a military "expert" which part of a house could most easily be dispensed with, he would be sure to answer, "Why, the foundation, of course." So it was in the case of the defences of Tynemouth Castle. The Board of Experts came along, and with that wide and comprehensive knowledge of military science which depends for its success entirely on the generosity of an enemy, they determined that the big gun, which was the foundation of the scheme of defence, should be struck out. They were, however, unanimous that the superstructure should continue to exist after the removal of the foundation. The two small guns, now at the mercy of anything on their flank, were to remain. This momentous decision was duly confirmed by our Army Council. But, although the Fort was now in a parlous condition, only to be explained by the fact that it had been visited by a body of military experts, the daily work proceeded just as usual. Officers continued to make out mobilization schemes, preparing even the requisitions for the supply of food on the first day of the outbreak of war; also arranging for reinforcements of Territorials as soon as the "alarm" was given. Then came the combined Army and Navy manœuvres. A cruiser came along, steered straight for the position on the flank of the two small guns, and opened fire on them. The guns of the Fort were unable even to reply. Not even the Staff officers present could inspire a reply from the guns of the Fort. The Staff, however, were able to write voluminous reports on the subject, extending to many pages. The naval officers bluntly reported that the state of the defences was "criminal." For nearly two years no notice was taken. Then a court-martial took place at Tynemouth Castle. Thereafter another Board of "Experts" made its appearance at Tynemouth. A General was again at its head. It came all the way from London. A long journey was necessary to give effect to the idea that the Board were to "search" for information. After gazing out to sea for fully twenty minutes, the Board made an excellent journey back to London and proceeded direct to the War Office. This was in case anyone might suspect that the War Office knew all about it for two years. But to clear up any doubts on the subject which may still linger in the minds of the British people, Mr. Bottomley, on November 24th, enquired in the House of Commons if it was true that our guns were so arranged that they were unable to reply. The answer given was as follows: "The defences of Tynemouth are now under consideration, but it is not desirable to publish any details. I am not, therefore, in a position to give replies to my honourable friend's question."

Our Readers.

Many good suggestions and ideas are continually being received from our readers. One has to try to make as good use of them as possible. The only difficulty, if a pleasure can be called a difficulty, is to adjudicate between so many just and legitimate claims. Readers may, however, be respectfully reminded that I have only one interest: it is to help. In this direction I made my début on a public platform at Manchester, under the auspices of the John Bull League. This was a great privilege and a thoroughly well-organised opportunity. Not the least successful part of the arrangements was to secure as chairman of the opening meeting the services of Mr. H. Ross Clyne. Mr. Clyne is one of Manchester's plain-spoken councillors. He is more. He is that infinitely rare product of a democracy of men: he is himself a man, quite strong and self-reliant. It is one of the great pleasures of a campaign to meet men. My thanks are due to the Secretary, Mr. F. Wardle, and the Committee.

More Money for Territorials.

Few men have been able to acquire a great military reputation in the same way as our present Secretary for War. The large number of Territorial nursing associations, etc., which have been organised to attend to the dead or the dying immediately on the arrival of the Germans, is an imperishable monument to his foresight, as well as a masterly tribute to his humanity. Why ever are the Germans delaying? Are they waiting for the six months' time limit to come into operation? That the War Minister is far from losing patience with the hesitating Germans, who are displaying an almost criminal lack of initiative, is shown by his avowed determination to spend more money on his beloved Territorials. An increase of expenditure is sure to set at rest any lingering doubts that may still exist as to whether this country is receiving any return, in terms of efficiency, for the money already spent.

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Now, we are not of an ungrateful disposition. The labourer is worthy of his hire, and one good turn deserves another. We must have that Million Circulation. Well, *Christmas is coming*, and ON CHRISTMAS EVE WE WILL DISTRIBUTE

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 20th,

and to send in, *not later than that date*—and as often as you like in the meantime—in an envelope addressed to "The Editor, John Bull, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.," and marked in the left-hand corner, "Christmas Present Distribution"—*one* of the Coupons printed below. There is no necessity to cut out the subjoined coupon before passing the copy on to a friend, as one coupon sent from time to time will suffice for a general report.

We cannot enter into correspondence with individual readers respecting this scheme, nor can we send parcels of specimen copies for distribution by competitors.

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A PLEA FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

(*We are always ready to give not only both, but all, sides of a question, and, therefore, have pleasure in printing the following plea for the missionary, which comes to us in the form of a letter from Mr. Henry J. Smith, of 6, Bank Parade, Edgware.*)

From time to time your magazine contains an objection, in one form or another, to what you regard as a waste of men and money—*i.e.*, foreign missions. I am persuaded that you are an honest and impartial man in most matters, but I suggest that you are very strongly prejudiced against the work of foreign missions, and so find it impossible to say a good word about them. You, however, feel it incumbent on you to say something about them, and so you say all that is bad. Now I honestly believe that your attitude towards this work is due to ignorance of the subject, and also to your not getting back a bit and looking without bias at the *motif* behind such work. Do me the justice of reading this thoughtfully.

TOLERATION.

Let us consider the question from the broad platform of honesty and fairness. One of the strongest points in favour of yourself is that you would not deny to any man the right of having convictions of his own and acting up to them. Now *you* may or may not believe that there did come to this earth of ours as the Son of God, a divine man, Christ; whether you believe it or not is, for the purpose of this letter, immaterial. You don't, however, think any the less of me because it is my personal conviction that such a thing *did* happen. Further, if, acting up to my convictions puts me to considerable personal inconvenience *and even expense*, you would, I am sure, respect and honour me for having the strength to act up to my convictions, always supposing *I only spend my own money*. That feeling which I say I am sure you would have towards me, is what we Englishmen, above all others, are so proud of; we call it "toleration"—religious or otherwise. Now, the Church of England is a corporate body of men and women whose convictions are too well known to need repetition here; you, whether you believe them or not, know them well. The earnest Christian has these convictions deeply rooted in him; they are verily a part of him, and they exercise a strong influence over his actions. You, yourself, are a man of strong convictions (I do not necessarily refer to religious convictions only), and so can fully appreciate, from personal experience, what power convictions exercise over a man's life. One of the strongest convictions of the followers of Christ is that they are commanded by Him to "go into *all* the *world* and preach the Gospel to *every creature*." He himself set the example, and there were ardent foreign missionaries amongst his immediate followers. The Church, as the followers of Christ, would be neglecting one of her plainest duties if she were to fail to obey what is to her a real command from her Leader. The command to go into all the world and preach the Gospel was no less emphatic than was that forbidding murder. Surely, then, you must admit that, looked at in this (the only just) light, the missionary work of the Church is a most essential part of her work; it is inevitable. Surely it is not by any means too large an item in the Church's programme; is it, in fact, large enough, considering the definiteness of the command of the Christ whom the Christians acknowledge as Master?

VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

You dearly love loyalty and obedience in everyday life; why, then, cry out against it in the Church (which you must never forget, does not only consist of a comparatively small body of clergymen, but is a very important part of the nation, numerically and otherwise)? Now, if my arguments are correct—and I feel sure you must admit they are—then you must also admit that you are constantly guilty of letting your anti-foreign-mission ardour run away with your sense of justice. All the money which the Church spends on missionary work is the result of *voluntary* contributions; it is not collected as a compulsory tax; therefore the Church would be committing no offence against anyone if she were to spend as much as half of those voluntary contributions on such work, provided the donors agreed to such expenditure. If you would not deny to the wealthy man the right to spend large sums of his own money on what may seem to you his fads and fancies, you must in all justice leave to the Church the same right of spending her own money (remember—*voluntary* contributions) in accordance with the dictates of her firm convictions, even supposing (to stretch the argument to its utmost) those convictions are regarded by you as mere fads and fancies.

ONLY 12 PER CENT. OF CHURCH FUNDS SPENT ON FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Now let us get to one of your definite charges which we will suppose you have the privilege (as, perhaps, a would-be reformer) to make. You say that the money spent on foreign missions should be spent at home. This is such a hackneyed and unfair complaint that I am surprised at your making it. Have you studied the figures relative to the home and foreign expenditure of the Church's voluntary contributions? In dealing with such figures it is safer to treat of averages, and so I am using those for the past five years. The average annual aggregate of the voluntary contributions of the members of the Church to the Treasury of the Church have been £7,859,680 (including those paid through parochial organizations and those paid direct to the societies). Of this sum, the amount annually spent by the Church on foreign work has averaged £889,821. This means that the Church of England spends less than 1½d. in the shilling on work which she conscientiously believes to be the great command of her Master. Can that, by any stretch of imagination, be called an extravagant proportion? Is it not, in fact, very little removed from practical neglect? Doesn't the crying out for this odd 1½d. in the shilling savour of extreme selfishness?

MORE SPENT ON TEDDY BEARS.

Those who give this money will be found to be quite up to the average in their gifts for home purposes. Moreover, and *note this point particularly*, the succouring of the poor at home is not only the duty of the people who give to foreign missions, it is also your duty, and the duty of the countless thousands who *never* give to foreign missionary work at all, and so have no right whatever to cry out against it. If all those who do not profess to have any sympathy with missionary work did their share for the poor at home, there would be *no need* for them to cry out against the spending of a comparatively small sum on work which is outside *their* range of view. The difference between the puny sum which the Church spends on her foreign missions and that spent by the wealthy classes on frippery fancies is vast. I confidently suggest that there was more money spent last year in the absurd Teddy Bear and similar crazes than the Church spent on her missionary work. As to the poor at home, they constitute a sad problem; no one would question that; but let us be fair all round. Over £14,000,000 is spent annually in the United Kingdom, *through official channels alone*, on the poor and homeless, not counting, that is, the enormous sums disbursed by outside organizations, *mostly connected with the Church*. To feed the poor *at home* is by no means the only command the Church has to obey; but she does a very fair share, and more.

THE ANNUAL DRINK BILL.

The British Drink Bill exceeds £160,000,000. How does that figure compare with the sum spent on missionary work? I do not dispute that there is room for improvement and economy in the Church's finance (some branches), but I do suggest that that relative to missionary work is the branch least in need of such improvement and economy.

The young man of the present day sadly lacks depth of interest and takes a great deal for granted. He will believe almost any statement made with confidence by one whose personality attracts him. Your magazine is read by large numbers of these young men and is popular with them. It deserves to be, because you thoroughly understand what appeals to the modern mind and put yourself out to cater for it. But *do* be just all round; don't take advantage of this fact which I have just referred to to poison the younger public opinion against a work which, if judged squarely, can excite nothing but admiration The heroism of the missionary is very real. A few weeks back you published some lines by Richard Morton on the "Cry of the Missionary Societies." If those lines are the best commentary you can make on the sad death of a fellow creature, even though he be a missionary, then you must lose the respect of some of your most ardent supporters, as sadly lacking common humanity.

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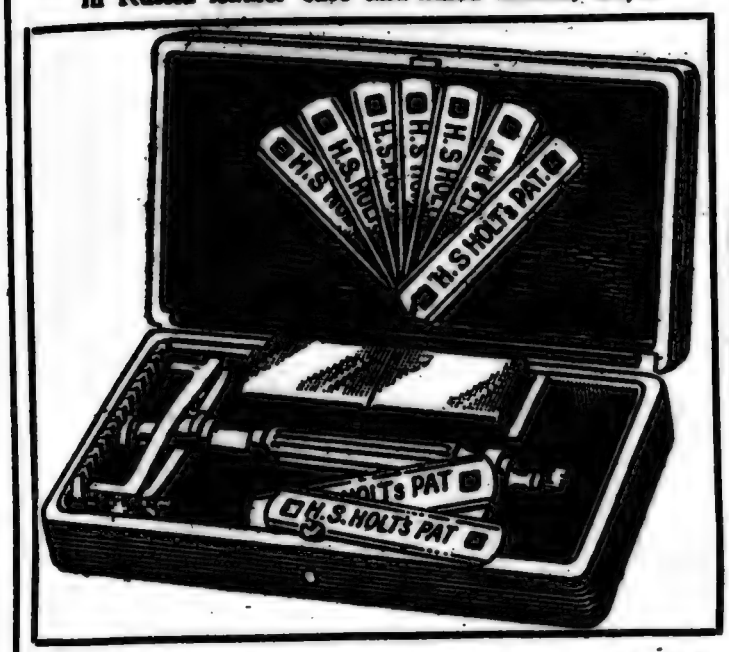

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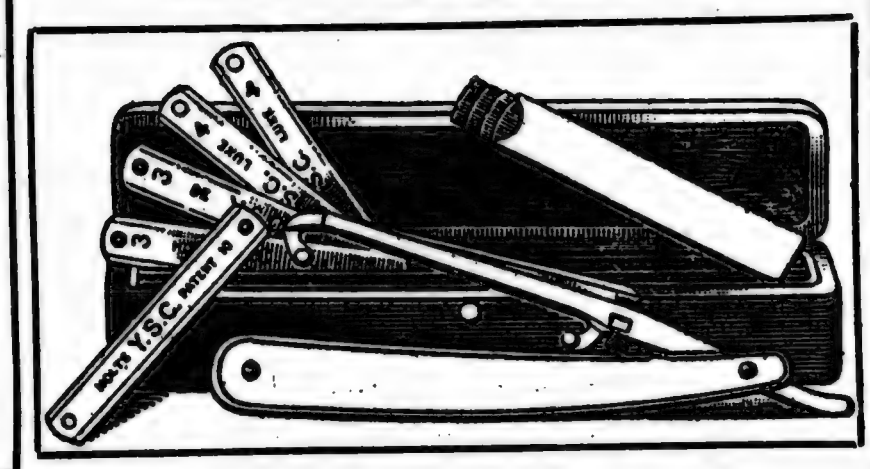

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The John Bull League.

BRANCH REPORTS.

BRISTOL.—Colston Hall, one of the finest and largest halls in the country, proved totally inadequate to accommodate the enormous crowds who were eager to be present to hear the President and ex-Lieutenant Sutor. At 8 o'clock there were thousands outside in the rain who were quite unable to obtain admission. In short it was the most successful meeting held under the auspices of the League outside London. The appearance of the President and Mr. Sutor on the platform was the signal for a mighty outburst of applause. Prior to the address, Mr. Stewart Gardner, a rich baritone, delighted his hearers by a splendid rendering of a new song, composed by Dr. Herman Brearley, of Hastings, entitled "The John Bull League is Marching On," which was sung for the first time, the audience joining in. The President said that he came down as one crying in the wilderness, and carried with him a banner bearing no very dramatic or heroic inscription. It was simply "Down with cant and humbug, and up with common-sense." He dealt briefly with the attitude of the League in religious matters, which was a broad-minded tolerance of all true faiths.. His criticism of latter-day ministerial appointments, the works of the party machine in Parliament, his declaration of the necessity for the introduction of business principles into the administration of the country's affairs and the paramount importance of maintaining our naval supremacy met with enthusiastic approval. His ideas on electoral reform were warmly received, and he resumed his seat, after having held his audience for upwards of an hour, amidst another ovation. Ex-Lieutenant Sutor, who was loudly cheered on rising, dealt with the necessity for efficiency in the Army, and the need for the introduction of a greater business element into its administration. A warm tribute must be paid to the manner in which all the arrangements were carried out by the Hon. Local Secretary, Mr. W. P. Frankham, who received valuable assistance from Mr. Webb and other members of the Branch in the capacity of stewards. It is gratifying to record the enrolment of many new members.

MANCHESTER.—The first smoking concert held by the Branch on Monday, December 5th, was an emphatic success, Councillor Ross Clyne presiding over an audience which included many representative citizens, and which filled the Marble Hall of the Albion Hotel, Piccadilly, to its utmost capacity. After despatching a telegram to the President wishing him success at South Hackney, the musical programme was opened by Mr. Geo. Cartali, jun., who rendered "Thora" in delightful style. Mr. Edwin Jones gave a humorous sketch, which earned for him the full appreciation of his audience. Mr. A. Kay met with much success in a pleasing ballad, and Mr. W. Dempsey showed exceptional ability as a dialect comedian. A banjo solo, played in masterly style by Mr. Vincent Hothersall, followed, and then Mr. Meason Granville so delighted his hearers with a magnificent recital of "Napoleon's Tomb" that an encore was imperative. Mr. H. A. Palmer, "Manchester's Merriest Magician," was most entertaining, and Mr. Frank Thewlis created much amusement by his humorous stories. Mr. Foster Dean gave an admirable recital, entitled the "Relief of Lucknow," and Mr. Buckley, the possessor of a fine baritone voice, sang "The Bell at Sea." Mr. Harry Drew, who is engaged for the forthcoming Brighton pantomime, proved himself to be a mimic and musician of no mean order. Nor must we forget to add that Mr. L. S. Partington proved an admirable accompanist, his pianoforte solo being much enjoyed. The Chairman, in a brief address, dealt with the objects of the League, and pointed out the necessity for a strong independent body to voice public opinion in matters of State and civic interest. Mr. Ben Moffat, in proposing a vote of thanks to the Chairman, paid a warm and well-deserved tribute to the Local Secretary, Mr. F. Wardle, to whose untiring energy so much of the success of the Branch was due.

The following Thursday night ex-Lieutenant Sutor made his first appearance under the auspices of the League at a meeting in the Memorial Hall, which was crowded to its utmost capacity, many hundreds having in fact to be turned away. After a few brief introductory remarks by the Chairman, Councillor Ross Clyne, Mr. Sutor, who received an ovation, commenced his address on Army administration. He held his audience for upwards of an hour by a closely reasoned and forcible speech. After a vote of thanks to the principal speaker, moved by Mr. E. G. Simpson, and seconded by Mr. D. Goodman, the General Secretary paid a just tribute to Mr. Ross Clyne.

LEEDS.—To-night (Thursday) the Leeds Branch opens its campaign with a smoking concert in the Lees Hall, Nelson Street, Vicar Lane, a splendid list of artistes having been secured.

LEICESTER.—This Branch will also be active to-night (Thursday), a whist drive and concert being held at Winn's Café, Market Place. The Local Chairman, Mr. W. F. MacAllister Howlings, will preside, and the proceedings start at 8 p.m.

SHEFFIELD.—Ex-Lieutenant Sutor visits the Cutlers' Hall to-morrow (Friday). Members producing their badges—which can be obtained from the Local Secretary, Mr. B. H. Tubbs, 53, Idsworth Road, Pitsmoor, will be entitled to reserved seats, and it is hoped that many will avail themselves of this privilege.

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Yours faithfully, (Signed) WM. JASPER BRETT.

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See page iii. of Cover.

Be sure to read
Page iv. of cover.

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1 Glass Pressed Brisket of Beef
1 Glass Potted Salmon and Shrimp
1 Glass Potted Chicken and Ham
1 Glass Ox-Tail Soup
1 Glass Chicken, Ham and Tongue Galantine
1 Glass Potted Wild Duck
1 Jar Strawberry Jam
1 Jar Seville Orange Marmalade
1 Bottle Greengages
1 Bottle "P. & O." Sauce
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THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"Madam Chung."—A Chinese Play.

Loie Fuller is a clever woman! She has travelled here, there, and everywhere. She is artistic, and what is more to the point, she knows her business.

Nobody has told me, but I could almost declare that not only is Loie Fuller responsible for the exquisite lights and dazzling effects in "The Dragon of Wrath" at Gertrude Kingston's "Little Theatre," but that the whole Chinese (?)—sometimes—play has been produced under her guidance.

I know Loie so well, and her clever patchwork, that I recognise her touch in every detail of the drama. That it is fascinating to those who have never seen the genuine article, goes without saying, and that "Madam Chung" with her tiny doll's feet—walking as though she were on stilts, or had two wooden legs, is a novelty for Londoners is also an attraction everybody must admit. But the man or woman who has visited China will only smile, and say what an exceedingly *smart* imitation.

Mrs. Chinawoman in real life, when she wants to look particularly nice to the other sex, chalks her face as white as that of a pantomime clown, dabs on bits of rouge, blacks her eyes and makes them appear more than ever like two lumps of coal, and generally *gilds* her lips or smears them with red paint. "This disfigured, bedaubed, and 'raddled,' the typical Chinese beauty sits smoking through her nose in the gallery of a theatre, or croons love-songs on one of the gorgeously-decorated flower-boats of Canton. But for absolute ugliness she exactly resembles the figures on the vases and ornaments we see over here in England."

Not to see China, and to miss Canton—Canton with its narrow streetways, its marvellously coloured signboards, its temples, and wondrous idols, Canton with its hidden treasures of embroideries and shops so full of variety that they make your eyes ache as you are borne along in your chairs, deafened by the noise, and with a handkerchief to your nose to prevent yourself from being poisoned by the most filthy smells on earth—is to be deprived of one of the most interesting sights conceivable.

Mr. Chinaman is always prepared for the most wily individual, and has a card ready up his sleeve. It would take a very tricky Englishman to outwit our old friend "John" with the flat face, yellow skin and long pigtail.

The "Flower-Boats," in which the wealthy Chinese entertain their friends, are perfect dreams of luxury. I shall never forget the sight that met my gaze when one of their doors was opened. This is how my companion described it. "Bright with electric light, covered with mirrors and tapestry, it presented a scene such as the stage has never offered. Mandarins, young and old, in their costliest robes of blue silk and coloured satins, lolled idly on the rich chairs and costly divans. Some were drowsy with opium fumes, some enjoyed a whiff or so from a pipe of scented tobacco handed to him at intervals by a painted girl of an obsequious attendant. A splendid feast was spread, but as yet untasted. Singing girls with chalked faces, droned in a corner a drowsy chant to a Chinese piano which sounded like the twang of a bad guitar. The rich Mandarin who was host on this occasion, courteously invited us in, and we were at once treated as guests. He talked excellent English, and described the Eastern delights of these floating palaces—and we learned how wealthy Chinamen enjoy themselves in the watches of the night."

Now that I have told you a few of the wonders of China as they exist in reality, and that "Madam Chung" presents you to a fête, which if not actually Chinese, is extraordinarily beautiful in the way of lighting and colour effects, I am sure you will all want to go and take a peep at this English production—for, as I said before—Loie Fuller is an artist, and what she doesn't know in the way of effective lighting, whether such be done from below the stage, or the sides, or from above, then you may take it from me that nobody else knows either.

"The Girl of the Golden West."

Aren't we a "hang-behind" lot? In America, and Australia, David Belasco's picturesque play—so brimful of human touches and powerful situations, has been enjoying the most successful of runs—in America I believe it is still on the road.

Why hasn't some manager snapped up the piece and presented it in this country—particularly as we have here in our midst the very actress who made such an enormous hit as the heroine "Minnie" out in Australia? I mean that experienced and accomplished young lady—Miss Tittell-Brune.

Why should we have to wait until Puccini composes an opera round David Belasco's story?—using for the second time another of David's popular dramas—the first being "Madame Butterfly," adapted by Belasco from Luther Long's Japanese romance, and produced by the theatre manager in New York with Blanche Bates as the all-too-loving little "Butterfly." In "The Girl of the Golden West" the greatest scene takes place in Minnie's cabin out in California. But—there—"Mary" will tell you all about it next Tuesday—I have no space here, unfortunately. It is exciting though, with a vengeance.

An Interesting Book on Health.

Sent Free for the Asking.

John Bull readers are advised to send at once for this interesting book, which deals with the problem of health—how it is lost and how regained—in a most intelligent manner. It is well worth two guineas to anyone who reads it, yet it does not cost a penny to secure it. It is sent free, postage prepaid, to all who write for it.

The sending of the book places you under no obligation whatever. You will feel better for reading it. It tells the story of hundreds of poor sufferers who have been restored to perfect health by the electric method. It tells that story in a plain, straightforward way, and it will go direct to the hearts of many ailing persons who have been doctoring and dosing themselves with medicine in a vain endeavour to get back their strength. The gladsome tidings that these messages convey cannot be too widely distributed.

Have you ever thought of the relation that electricity bears to the human body? Did you ever try to find the reason for your poor health? This book on curative electricity tells you of these things. It tells how to apply this wonderful force to the body so as to restore its nervous power—its vitality—and when your vitality is up to standard you are strangers to feebleness, pains, aches, and disease. The world looks bright to you—you are happy.

The pain in your back, the weakness of your stomach, your loss of appetite, the headaches, nervousness, dizziness, the dulness of mind, lack of energy and ambition, weariness, are all symptoms of loss of nervous power; and all the scientific men tell us that nervous power is electricity, the force that is contained in the nerve cells. It is this power that runs the great force-pump of the system—the heart—also the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels, and every organ of the body.

We will enumerate some cases that have come under our observation. In these cases electricity was only used as a last-resort treatment.

Case No. 1 is that of a man suffering from rheumatism and back weakness. Here is his report:—"The 'Ajax' Dry-Cell Body Battery has cured me of rheumatism and weakness of the back. It is two months now since I last used the battery, and I feel strong and well." The patient is Mr. F. Crookes, 13 Court, 3 House, Thomas Street, Sheffield.

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Case No. 3 is a remarkable cure. The patient's own words best describe it: "The battery is life to me. I cannot speak too highly of it. I feel a new creature, strengthened altogether. Mine was a very obstinate case of Rheumatoid Arthritis. I might have been a cripple by now; in fact, I spent over £70 in other medicines, and so often had to give up. Now I am thankful to say I can work as I used to." Miss E. Elford, 4, Church Crescent, Parkstone, Dorset.

These are cures by the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery. This is the newest electrical invention for curative purposes. It generates its own power, and can be regulated by the wearer to any degree desired. There is no bother of charging or preparing the battery. It is always ready, and can be used at a moment's notice.

This battery has been used by many medical men. Lady Mansfield's physician prescribed it, and it cured her. It is endorsed by *Science Siftings*, and supported by the "Certificate of Merit." The editor of John Bull endorses it and recommends it. The "Ajax" Battery was given the diploma for Grand Prix with Gold Medal by the special medical section of the International Exhibition.

A postcard or a letter sent to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will bring the book to you at once. Do not delay, as it may be of vital importance to you. If near enough to call, a free test of the wonderful curative powers of electricity will be given you.—[Advt.]

BY APPOINTMENT.

Owbridge's Lung Tonic

Owbridge's

Lung Tonic

The most up-to-date, best known and most successful Remedy in the World for

COUGHS & COLDS

Invaluable to SPEAKERS, SINGERS, and all who suffer from THROAT WEAKNESS.

CAUTION.—Ask for "Owbridge" and take no substitute.

This is the Best, Cheapest, and Safest way to recovery.

W. T. OWBRIDGE, Ltd.,
Manufacturers, The Laboratory, HULL.
Established 1274

Sold everywhere in bottles, at 1s 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. & 11s.

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MENTAL EXHAUSTION

Sperminum is the natural source of health and vital strength isolated and purified from organic bases

In the form of the Essence, Spermin acts as a REVIVER of VITAL ENERGY, and so stimulates healthy body juices, which resist disease and retard vital decline.

NERVOUS BREAKDOWN, FATIGUE from OVERWORK, and MENTAL and PHYSICAL EXHAUSTION brought about by OVER-INDULGENCE in ATHLETICS will find a corrective in in Poehl's Spermin Essence

It is of SPECIAL CURATIVE VALUE in all DISORDERS of the BLOOD, the NERVES, and the HEART.

Sold in original bottles under the warranty of the ORGANO-THERAPEUTIC INSTITUTE of Professor VON POEHL & SONS, by all Chemists, at 8/6 per bottle.

Address for free literature:—

A. & M. ZIMMERMANN,
3, Lloyd's Avenue, London, E.C.

For XMAS give "HIM"

a box of **FLOR DE DINDIGUL** Cigars! That would please any man who appreciates a good smoke. They have that rich, full flavour, yet mild and fragrant aroma that distinguishes a truly high-grade cigar. And every one is cool, sweet, and sympathetic to the last draw. **You** may not be a judge of quality, but you pick the leader when you choose

FLOR DE DINDIGUL

CIGARS.

Price 3D. each. 5 for 1/1.

In boxes of 25, 5/3; 50, 10/3.

FLOR DE DINDIGUL EXTRA!
Extra choice (a medium size cigar). 4d. each In boxes of 25, 7/6. Per box of 50, 15/-

FLOR DE DINDIGUL GRANDES!
(*A long cigar in silver paper*).
Samples 6d. each. In boxes of 25, 11/-.
As supplied to the House of Lords.

Of all good Tobacconists, or post free of
BEWLAY, 49, Strand, London.

Established 130 years at this address.

Balfour to Lloyd George:—
"Take my cue and buy a Jelks Billiard Table and save money—it's not a CHANCE-SELLER, it's a cert."

SAVE MONEY

by visiting or writing to the GREAT LONDON CENTRE for high grade

Second-Hand Billiard Table

150 Tables fitted up for inspection and trial.
PORTABLE BILLIARD TABLES (Slate Beds) 5 ft., £5s.; 6 ft., 70s.; 7ft., £5s.; 8ft., £8s.; 9ft £10s.
DINING BILLIARD TABLES (Slate Beds) 5 ft., £3; 6 ft., £7; 7ft., £9; 8 ft., £12.
THREE-QUARTER BILLIARD TABLES by all the best makers from £11. Tables in stock by Burroughes & Watts, Thurston & Co., Cox & Yeman, etc.
FULL-SIZE BILLIARD TABLES by such eminent makers as G. Wright & Co., Thurston & Co., Burroughes & Watts, Orme & Sons, Cox & Yeman, from £22 10s.
BAGATELLE BOARDS (FOLDING) from 25s. to 125s. Sizes 5ft. by 15ins., to 10 ft. by 36ins., and intermediate sizes.
EASY TERMS IF REQUIRED. Particulars post free.

W. JELKS & SONS,
Billiard Specialists.
262, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 274, 275b, HOLLOWAY ROAD, LONDON, N.
TEL.: North 2393, 2399. Central 7826 TELEGRAMS "Jellico" London.

BULL'S EYES.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—
Wouldn't "General Dejection" describe it better?
What will the real election "result" be?
Is Lloyd George of a music-hall turn of mind?
Is the reported "Boom in Sprats" due to the General Election?
Was there really only one blind candidate?
Isn't the Party Game always won by odd tricks?
Have the Liberals been suffering from the "rat" plague?
Didn't Mr. Redmond find a Cork that wouldn't be drawn?
When Lloyd George denounces class, does it mean that he is no class?
Isn't "Irish stew" likely to be a standing dish at Westminster?

Electioneering has been going on in the midst of floods in Lincolnshire. But the speeches were dry enough.

Two little girls have been sent by parcel post to Canada. Were they "done up" when they arrived?

Mrs. Eddy's death is attributed by her followers to her being "in error" for ten days. We hope she didn't take the wrong turning.

"Free Traders on the Run," reads an *Express* headline. We hope they won't go too far.

"I don't believe women as much as I do men," says Judge Bacon. Has he been miss-led?

Coffin furniture makers have been having a hard time, we are told. With the Death Duties so high people can't afford to die.

"Loaves and Fishes" is the name of a forthcoming stage piece. Is it a miracle play?

Judge Lumley Smith, who recently inquired the meaning of the term "rotters," evidently does not attend political meetings.

"Motor-omnibus in a Shop," says a heading. We presume it wanted a new bonnet.

"The duty of the State is to ignore class distinctions," says Mr. Harold Cox. Yes, everything should be first-class.

"Confession Query" teas are the latest form of society entertainment. Shouldn't it be "Queery"?

"Widow's Weeds' has been produced at the Empire. No doubt there will be mourning performances.

A Zoo-illogical paradox:
A baby gnu has arrived at the Zoo.
When fifty years old it will still be gnu.

"Litigation is a very bitter thing," says Justice Bucknill. But one expects to get bitter at the Bar.

"No musical man is a business man," says Judge Emden. But many a man is successful through blowing his own trumpet.

Lord William Cecil: "Every time a new cable is laid, the world is getting smaller." The cable lessens the waist of Time.

Books to be Shelved:—
"Our Little Dots." Full of Dash.
"The House of Torment." A smart book.
"The Cardinal's Past." Shocking.
"The Little King." Big "royalties" in it, no doubt.
"The Day's Burden." Rather heavy.
"The Great Aeroplane." Fine flights of imagination.
"The Flowers of Fairyland." The characters are well picked.
"Round the Word in Seven Days." A week book.
"Long Will." Remains to be proved.

"Katchakyd" is the name given to a novel handkerchief for children, on which is told and illustrated all the valiant and heroic deeds, all the really funny and realistic jests of nursery days. From them a child learns his nursery rhymes and thirsts for more, simply because he enjoys them, his brain receives the simple and effective training which will stand him in good stead when he has to face the world later on. These "Katchakyd" handkerchiefs can be bought from drapers and stores, and are really beautifully designed, and the colour is guaranteed to withstand the washday. They are packed in dainty boxes containing half-a-dozen, and cost only 1s. 11d.

BUCHANAN'S
Scotch Whisky

"BLACK & WHITE."

The Neatest Roller Skates Made
—and not only the neatest, but the lightest, the strongest, most reliable and easiest running —are the famous British-made, ball-bearing
"BRAMPTON"
ROLLER SKATES
which are pronounced the best by experts and are used everywhere. Last far longer than ordinary skates.
"KING O' THE RINK" Patent Tubular Roller Skates with steel or boxwood wheels.....per pair 18/-
Also supplied with aluminium wheels.

"King o' the Rink" Racing Model to screw on boot—as light as lightest aluminium skates, and far stronger. Seven sizes per pair 18s. All cycle and sporting goods dealers sell the "BRAMPTON."

FREE—Send postcard to-day for book on "The Art of Roller Skating" to Dept 108 BROWN BROS., LTD., GT. EASTERN STREET E.C. or to the manufacturers, Brampton Bros. Ltd., Smethwick, Birmingham.

XMAS GIFTS.
HANDKERCHIEFS
Robinson & Cleaver are now prepared with stocks of 'Xmas Handkerchiefs that have never been excelled for refined taste and low prices.

No. 1 K: Ladies' Superfine Mull Handkerchiefs with any letter initial. About 14½ inches square with ¼-inch hem. Per doz. - 4/11

No. K 200: Ladies' Superfine Mull Embroidered Handkerchiefs. Measuring about 13 inches square. Per doz. - - 5/11½

No. 60: Gentlemen's Pure Linen Handkerchiefs with any letter initial. About 19½ inches square with ½-inch hem. Per doz. - - 8/3

No. 10: Children's Pongerine Nursery Rhyme Handkerchiefs: assorted colours and rhymes to each doz. 14 ins. sq. Per doz 1/11

Samples and Prices Lists free on post card request.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd.
LONDON. 44 E, Donegall Place, BELFAST. LIVERPOOL

XMAS GIFT BARGAINS!
Send postcard to-day for H. Samuel's Free Book of Xmas Bargains in Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Plate, Leather and Fancy Goods. Everything at FACTORY PRICES. Full month's trial allowed.
Free Prizes for all purchasers. Write Now!
H. SAMUEL, 190 Market St., Manchester.

Full size Silver Plated Tea-Pot, Queen Anne Pattern. 15s. Large Selection.

"Fazenda" Coffee
1/6 PER lb
GUARANTEED PURE BY THE STATE OF SAN PAULO (BRAZIL)

SAMUDA'S
XMAS GIFTS.

When buying Xmas Gifts for your friends REMEMBER they appreciate a box of good Cigars or Cigarettes, or a tin of choice Tobacco more than anything else.

PURCHASE DIRECT FROM MANUFACTURERS.

Below we give particulars of four very Special Lines to suit the requirements of all Smokers.

THE "AVOCA" CIGARS. No. 3.

These Cigars are very choice, and quite equal in quality to Cigars sold by the ordinary tobacconist at from 4d. to 6d. each.

Our price is **10/6** per Cedarwood box of **50**.

THE "AVOCA" WHIFFS.
(15 Minute Cigars.)

There are no better Whiffs sold, for we guarantee them manufactured by hand from the small leaves of the same high-grade quality tobaccos as used in our Cigars.

Our price is **10/6** per Cedarwood box of **100**.

THE "AVOCA" CIGARETTES.
(Hand Made.)

The whole of our Cigarettes are manufactured upon Mr. Samuda's new hygienic principle, which renders them free from dust and other impurities.

We supply the "AVOCA" Cigarettes, grade 240, in 7 oz boxes containing about **170** Cigarettes at **5/-** per box.

Customers have the choice of Virginia, Turkish or Egyptian.

(This is the best value in Cigarettes obtainable.)

THE "AVOCA" PIPE MIXTURE.

This well-known tobacco is a superb blend of all that is choice in a large variety of smoking tobaccos, mild, medium, or full strength.

Price 4/- per large tin.

ALL GOODS SENT POST FREE.

J.B.

ORDER FORM.

.....1910.

To J. SAMUDA, Ltd.,
34 Leadenhall St., London, E.C.

Gentlemen,—Kindly send post free the following goods, for which I enclose £ : :

____Boxes of "Avoca" Cigars, No. 3, at 10/6 each.
____Boxes of "Avoca" Whiffs, at 10/6 each.
____Boxes of "Avoca" Cigarettes, at 5/- each.
____Tins of "Avoca" Mixture, at 4/- each.

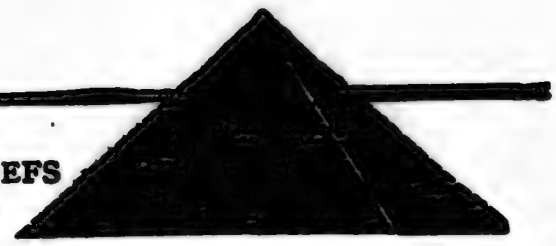
Full Name_____

Address_____

Town_____

Please write clearly; also state whether Virginia, Turkish, or Egyptian Cigarettes are preferred_____

Do you want Tobacco Mild, Medium, or Full Strength?



PYRAMID HANDKERCHIEFS All-White and in Tasteful Colours.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT

that a man will appreciate and use daily is a box of

PYRAMID HANDKERCHIEFS

Attractive in appearance, durable in use, and of moderate cost, a gift box of "Pyramids" forms an eminently pleasing expression of "goodwill."

A wide choice of patterns in all-White and in guaranteed fast border colours —tasteful and exclusive designs.

Of Outfitters everywhere.

Each 9d.

If unable to obtain, write "Pyramid," Dept. 4 132 Cheapside, London, E.C., and we will tell you name of nearest dealer.

Half-dozen assorted in Box for Christmas **4/3**

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?*

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and only* THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE SENT FOR THE PURPOSE. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED. *The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (a page).*

The EDITOR *cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be sent in the first instance; if inspection of the originals is required, a request will be forwarded to that effect.*

THE EDITOR tenders his sincere thanks to all readers who have sent him congratulations on his re-election to Parliament.

J. T. W. (Forest Hill) and a hundred others send us circulars from *W. A. Dew, of Flushing*, from which it appears that for the week ending November 26th he paid only even money to winning clients, on the ground that hundreds had "predicted 66 to 100 to 1 chances successfully." *Verb sap.*

"HOME" (Carlisle) sends us some of the lying circulars of the "*National Home Employment Association*," and asks whether our recent article refers to it. Unfortunately for him, yes. He says, "I have strong reasons for asking; it is almost a matter of life or death." He has been accustomed to standing all day, until late at night, writing at full speed, but has had to knock off work in his office, owing to the cold, and has nothing coming in. Should any reader know of work which he could do at home, we should be pleased to forward the information. Meantime, we advise him not to pay preliminary fees to anyone, either as deposit, for "registration," or otherwise.

"MUSIC LOVER" (Maida Vale) complains of the misleading information given by officials outside the Queen's Hall, to those desirous of occupying the cheaper seats.

E. D. G. (Sunderland) relates a rigmarole about a man who sat next him in a smoking room and objected to smoking unless he himself was provided with cigarettes. There's enterprise for you!

W. J. B. paid £5 7s. 6d. to the Marston Remedy Company without success, and prefers sea salt and cold water as a cure. For what? Thirst?

J. D. (Colchester).—We are not uncompromising defenders of the Liberal Party, but we see nothing "blasphemous" in the land song with the refrain "God gave the land to the people." He certainly did not give it to the landlords.

A. C. P. (Walthamstow) complains of the *Credit Supplies* (Exchange Street, Norwich), and should have a try for the return of his 4s.

F. J. M. (Amesbury) had to pay letter rate for an order because he was polite enough to add "yours truly." But the Post Office must make some rule distinguishing such documents from letters.

"SHOPKEEPER" (Bradford).—If you will write to our Publisher at 67, Long Acre, London, he will be pleased to communicate with you.

THE Rev. Silvester Horne and Mr. J. R. Watkinson, J.P., both deny that in supporting Mr. Tom Wing they used the language attributed to them by a local paper, and which we quoted. We are glad to hear it.

H. L. (Battersea Park) wishes she had seen our paragraph in reference to Carter and Skinner before she sent that firm money for paying guests in response to their advertisement. She says, "I need hardly say I have received no names from them as yet, though six weeks have passed."

"PUZZLED FRENCHMAN" (Cardiff) wants to know why Bibles are placed in railway waiting-rooms, but he need not read them unless he likes, and we do not know of any volume of literature more universally agreeable for whiling away odd moments.

(*Continued on page 994.*)

The lightest Cakes, Pastry, Puddings, &c., are made by using

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER.

the Best and Purest in the World.

Resolutely Refuse all Substitutes.

£500,000
Paid in Claims in all Departments.
Income £220,000. 30 Branch Offices.
There is a great rush for our MONTHLY POLICIES, everybody is having one.
Compensation for—
SICKNESS
ACCIDENT
DEATH
OLD AGE.
ONLY 3d. PER WEEK.
Monthly Payment Dept.,
CAR & GENERAL Insurance Corporation Ltd.,
24, Railway Approach, London Bridge.
SMART AGENTS WANTED.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA
Insurance Corporation, Limited.
SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL - - - £350,000.
FIRE. LIFE. ACCIDENT. HOUSE PURCHASE.
The Corporation issues prospectuses with entirely new features in all departments of business. Agency applications invited. Write for prospectuses, and particulars of Agents' Progressive Bonus Scheme.
Chief Office, 45-49, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

A SAFE FIRM TO BET WITH.
DOUGLAS & SMITH, FLUSHING, HOLLAND.
A penny postcard (mentioning JOHN BULL) will ensure our coupons being sent you.
Fairest terms offered by any genuine firm of Football Accountants with prompt payments guaranteed.
Long and Short Lists. Free Postage.

Be sure to read Page iv. of cover.

THE "NUGGET" WATERPROOF BLACK POLISH UNEQUALLED TRADE MARK REGD. FREE FROM ACID OF ANY DESCRIPTION. PRESERVES LEATHER FROM CRACKING. FOR PATENT, GLACÉ KID, BOX CALF AND OTHER LEATHERS. LONDON, S.E.

USE "NUGGET" POLISHES BLACK and BROWN "DOUBLE the LIFE of your BOOTS"

"I enjoy all my Meals."

"It is now a pleasure to work."

Miss Clara Robson, of Warren Lodge, Hampton Wick, writes:—

"Having suffered with Indigestion for some "years, and finding Doctors did not do me much "good, I thought I would try Guy's Tonic By "the time I had taken one bottle I found I could "take almost any kind of Food. I did not know "previously whatever to do, I was in such great "Pain. I could not Work nor Sleep, but since I have "taken Guy's Tonic I enjoy all my meals, and feel "that it is a pleasure to work; in fact I do not feel "like the same person. I shall always be most "pleased to recommend Guy's Tonic."

The Symptoms of Nervous Indigestion are well marked. They are Pain after Food, Severe Headache, Coated Tongue, Constipation, Flatulence, Loss of Appetite, Pallor, Nervous Twitchings, Sleeplessness, Loss of Flesh and Strength, and great Prostration of Mind and Body.

The Patient will be well advised to take a short course of Guy's Tonic. This splendid Medicine never fails to restore the flagging "Powers of Life," create Appetite, ensure good Digestion and Assimilation, and thus invigorate and strengthen the entire System.

The Reason why Guy's Tonic is so beneficial is perfectly clear. Guy's Tonic reinforces the Gastric Juice and tones the Digestive Organs, so that all Food taken is efficiently Digested and Assimilated. The full Nourishment is then derived for the strengthening and building up of the Nerves and Tissues. Health, Energy and freedom from unpleasant symptoms follow as a matter of course.

Test Guy's Tonic—Free.

FREE

We invite you to fill in the Coupon and post it to us at once. You will receive by return, privately packed and carriage paid, a Bottle of Guy's Tonic, a supply of Guy's Fruit Pills for the Cure of Constipation, and a Valuable Guide to Health, proving the wonders of the Tonic Treatment of Ill-Health, illustrated by cases. Full Instructions accompany the Package.

Write at once

If you are troubled with any of the following forms of Ill-Health:

Indigestion,
Flatulence,
Coated Tongue,
Poor Appetite,
Pain after Food,
Neuralgia,
Palpitation,
Constipation,
Biliousness,
Sick Headache,
Want of Energy,
Backache,
Weak Kidneys,
Anæmia,
Rheumatism,
Nerve Weakness,
Depression,
Debility.

Cut out and Post this Coupon.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

159

desires a Free Guy's Tonic Outfit as named in JOHN BULL.

Post Coupon, when filled in, to **GUY'S TONIC COMPANY, 12, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.** Kindly include Three Penny Stamps to defray cost of postage of the Free Outfit.

ZEDEX
FOR THE
NERVES
THE PILL WITH A RECORD

4/6 Box for 2/6.

"A Combination of Costly Tonics and Nerve Foods ensuring wonderful strength and endurance."

A Scientific Cure for **Neurasthenia, Mental Exhaustion, Brain Fag, Weak Heart, Want of Nerve and Confidence, Harassing Dreams, Loss of Memory, Backache, Dyspepsia, General Weakness,** and most disorders due to a deficiency of the Vital Forces.

ZEDEX re-invigorates the Brain and Nervous System, re-vitalises every function of the body and gives a sensation of physical fitness and mental alertness, whilst its restorative effects are permanent.

DR. KIRBY, says: "Impossible to conceive anything more perfectly adapted for the cure of Loss of Nerve Power than Zedex."

SEND POST CARD FOR FREE SAMPLE

DR. GORDON STABLES, M.D.—"A nerve tonic-food of the highest nutritive and digestive value. A perfect food for building up the Nervous System."

Chief Constable of Police writes.—"Zedex is the finest tonic I have ever tried."

ZEDEX arouses all the dormant energies, develops muscular or nerve life, feeds weak muscles with rich strength-producing blood, whilst it increases the nourishing power of your food. Advice free.

ZEDEX Co. HOVE SUSSEX

GIFTS THAT LAST

A Gift of Jewellery is a lasting reminder of the giver and a source of lasting satisfaction to the recipient. Nothing is so sure to please as a present of Jewellery, whether it take the form of a ring or any other article. The infinite variety of designs in all classes of Jewellery illustrated in our Catalogue makes it a greatly sought-after volume. Customers who once buy from us renew their patronage year by year, proving they are completely satisfied.

9-ct. Gold, 14/9,
18-ct. Gold, 30/-

15-ct. Turquoise or Opals, 4-Hoop, 25/-

9-ct. Gold Pendant, Amethyst, 19/-

OUR LATEST CATALOGUE IS SENT POST FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

Note.—*All our gems are guaranteed genuine, and all our Gold bears the ENGLISH Hall Mark. Goods exchanged or money refunded if not satisfied.*

GRENFELL
FRAZIER & Co
Dept. 60
12, EDGWARE Rd. LONDON, W.

S. C. M. (Weatherby) sent a guinea to *C. Bignold* (106, *Charing Cross Road*) for "four winners," and received six tips with only one in the first three. In future he had better stick to the prognostications in JOHN BULL.

W. H. (Radcliffe-on-Trent) has actually been trying to multiply £19 19s. 11½d. by £19 19s. 11½d., and assures us that the result is £19 19s. 11½d. plus 1-384000th of a farthing. Now perhaps he will kindly tell us how to divide half a crown by a threepenny-bit.

C. W. B. thinks that, as so many people are constantly swindled by bookmakers, they should not be too harshly treated when they try to get a little of their own back by telegraph frauds. But all bookmakers are not dishonest, and the straightforward ones must not be robbed to make good the depredations of welshers.

"WIDOW" writes:—"I am looking for a husband. Can you introduce me to a person likely to suit? He must be a gentleman, and he must have money, and he must be young enough to enable me to have children as I have none, but want one. I will send my address when you let me know you have the right man." Yes, but he may want one or two particulars before he commits himself. In any case, we must refer her to *Mrs. Bull*.

T. L. (North Finchley) thinks the limits of decency are exceeded when Jim Crow criticises a nation. But he has criticised so many nations.

G. M. (Norbury).—We always kick the office cat every time the printer smuggles in a split infinitive. He must not be allowed to anticipate the festive season.

"LOOKER-ON" (Shaftesbury).—We cannot possibly enter into controversies about the seating accommodation of churches. As to the alleged trick by which an anonymous lady was induced to subscribe £60, your charge is, to say the least, very vague.

E. VON S. (Atherstone) says we are the best and most disinterested patriot England possesses, and he begs to endorse everything we say. He must therefore please reconsider his views about conscription.

J. H. B. (Manchester) wants a biscuit for a local newspaper which spelt collision with only one l. As we sometimes try to give prominence to humour in our biscuit column, this suggestion is undoubtedly deserving of the most serious consideration.

"ANTI-HUMBUG" (Edinburgh) sends a cutting from the *Evening Dispatch* which deals with Sir Robert Cranston's advice to Territorials. Our correspondent suggests that Sir Robert's precepts should be carried into practice by himself. Not a bad idea.

"A SOUTH EALING READER" wonders if we "are aware of the extent of blackmailing carried on by certain foremen" in his district. Perhaps he will send us along particulars.

E. D. wishes we would "look up" the Church Army. He tells us that the son of the founder gets £300 a year for walking about with his hands in his pocket. He must wait until we have done with the Salvation Army.

"SHERLOCK HOLMES" wants to know if it is true that at least 50 per cent. of the lads who are admitted to the Duke of York's School get in by favouritism. "Sherlock" is not in his usual form.

A. M. C. D. (Aldgate) sends us an imaginary election address ending with the words, "I am deaf and dumb." How the Whips would love him!

MRS. M. W. complains of the hours and pay for sweepers of County Council schools. Each had to provide her own soda and soap, though she knows the Council allow something for cleaning materials. She was given no time for dinner, and she remarks that the Council is very sharp on other people who exact overtime.

"A CONSTANT READER" (Poplar).—We agree that the police would be better employed stopping hooligans from shooting instead of persecuting bookmakers and charging innocent people with obstruction.

A. H. (Poplar) complains of gross insults by a doctor at the Poplar Hospital when he took his little girl there. It certainly seems hard if it is true that he was taunted with being a Jew, as he went there for medical aid, not for religious or racial controversy; and hospitals are supposed to dispense medical assistance without distinction of nationality or creed.

"FAIR PLAY" (Aberdeen) sends us an advertisement of Khartoum as a winter resort, with a gruesome picture of a dying giraffe. Evidently Mr. Roosevelt has much to answer for.

A. W. H. quotes Plato about gold, silver, iron and copper ore being used in the composition of some men. After reading the cases of Lieutenant Woods and Lieutenant Sutor, he thinks it is "only too evident that men imbued with gold or silver ore are not wanted in the Army."

R. D. B. (Glasgow) is suspicious about the *Engineers' Aid and Employment Association* (24, *Buckingham Street, Strand*).

"HICKEY" (Portsmouth) exclaims "Oh, for a business language!" and has been greatly puzzled about the right way to pronounce the word Mrs. He asks "Is mistress or missus correct?" Surely mistress is mediæval and missus vulgar. We incline to missis.

H. C. (Paddington) complains that park keepers employed on motor duty are preferred in the matter of promotion. We agree that the work of protecting women and children from insult should be regarded as equally useful.

A. M. L. (Cardiff).—A salary of 10s. a week is certainly not enormous for a shorthand-typist who has to begin work at 6.30 a.m. What are the prospects of promotion?

H. B. K. (Liverpool).—"Sea smooth to very rough" is rather an elastic weather report.

A. F. (Lime Street) sends a sweater's advertisement, but does not suggest how such things are to be prevented.

A. P. (Glasgow) sends us the advertisement of a small farm wanted "in or near Glasgow," but we should not have thought that sufficient space could be spared there.

"A LEAGUER" (London, E.C.).—We see no reason why City barbers should not run a subsidiary business as florists, and even employ attractive girls. That of itself is not yet an offence.

H. R. (Sheffield).—We do not know why your friend was singled out for a lottery circular. Perhaps he had been indulging in some form of sport previously.

C. H. (St. Blasey).—Never send preliminary fees to moneylenders. It is their money you want.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

Practical Imperialism.

CHEAP FOOD, PURE FOOD, GOOD FOOD.

Ask for AUSTRALIAN

Beef and Mutton,

Butter,

Fruit,

Wine,

Honey.

ENCOURAGE EMPIRE INDUSTRIES.

Commonwealth Offices,
72, VICTORIA STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W

EXTRAORDINARY PROFITS.

(Made quickly in American Stocks.)

Gentlemen,

The Advertiser receives from an associate in New York absolutely correct and accurate advance information on American calls. The Advertiser has in one year made over £3000 net profits on an initial capital of £200, and he now proposes to share this information (on mutual terms) with gentlemen desirous of adding to their incomes. Clients would deal through their own brokers, Advertiser simply writing when to open and when to close a deal.

RESULTS OF 6 RECENT DEALS.

Bought	100 Unions	at	183½	closed at	185,	profit	£195.
"	100 Amal. Co.	"	58⅜	"	60⅜,	"	160.
"	200 Rock In.	"	24	"	31⅛	"	285.
"	100 Steels	"	70½	"	78⅛,	"	107 10.
"	100 Unions	"	176⅜	"	176⅞,	"	120.
"	100 Unions	"	178	"	182⅛,	"	87 10.

Total nett profits £955 0 0.

N.B.—The above profits were made in a period of about four months and required very small capital. A few dealings were on the Cover (margin) system. Gentlemen desirous to make some quick profitable transactions in American shares should write personally or call on

H. G. ORMOND, 8, Leinster Square, Bayswater, London.

FORE!

"Caddie"

FOUNTAIN PEN

(Regd. No. 358,185.)

THE NOVELTY OF THE SEASON.

7/6

FITTED WITH GOLD NIB.

Something your Golfing Friends WILL appreciate.

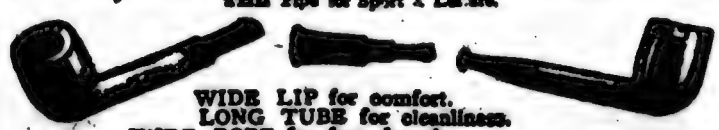
A UNIQUE PRESENT.

Of Stationers or Sole Makers—

JEWEL PEN Co. (Dept. B.), 102, Fenchurch St., London, E.C.

SMOKERS! VOTE FOR CAPTAIN COMFY

THE Pipe for Sport & Leisure.



WIDE LIP for comfort.
LONG TUBE for cleanliness.
WIDE BORE for free draught.

1/- EACH EVERYWHERE. With Hall-marked Silver Band, 1/6.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED

A Well Known Authority Sends a Sample of a Famous Method Free to All.

We will send free to anyone who is ruptured, or knows of any person ruptured, a free trial of our famous home cure. It is a marvellous method, curing cases that defied hospitals, doctors, trusses, electricity and all else. Merely send your name and address, and the free trial will be sent without any cost to you whatever. Mr. R. Wharton, 52, Domestic Street, Holbeck, Leeds, was ruptured seven years, tried all kinds of trusses, partly made up his mind to undergo the danger of an operation, when, by the greatest of good luck, he tried the Rice method. He is cured, **and has worn no truss for over six years.**

MR. R. WHARTON.

Mr. Wharton says:—"I tried the Rice method, and it cured me. I had been ruptured seven years and tried all kinds of trusses with no benefit. I am doing all I can to persuade every ruptured person to try this method, which I think is worth its weight in gold."

Every ruptured person ought to send at once and make a trial of this method. It has cured thousands of people without pain, danger, operation, or an hour's loss of time. Begin now, and in a short time you will forget you have been ruptured. Do not fail to send in this Coupon to-day.

COUPON (B 1101).

Cut out and post to **WM. S. RICE, Ltd., 8 & 9, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.**

Time Ruptured?.....Age?.....
Right, left, or both sides, or navel?.....
Name.....
Address.....
.....

FARROW'S BANK Ltd.

THE PEOPLE'S BANK.

(Incorporated under the Joint Stock Companies Act.)

Authorised Share Capital £500,000

Issued 290,000 Shares.

2,500 SHAREHOLDERS and PROPRIETORS.

Branches, Sub-Branches, and Agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

Chairman of Directors - THOMAS FARROW, Esq.,

Author of "The Moneylender Unmasked," "In the Moneylender's Clutches," and other works, which produced the Government Inquiry into the evils of usury, and the Act of Parliament regulating the practices of Moneylenders.

Send for Annual Report and Balance Sheet and Illustrated Booklet describing "Farrow's Bank, Ltd., its History, Work and Success."

HEAD OFFICE:

1, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

NO HOME COMPLETE
without that wonderful adhesive

SECCOTINE

which will repair any and every breakage and is also a remarkable renovator of dress materials, laces, muslins, woollens etc., etc.
Sold everywhere in patent pin-stopper tubes 3d. & 6d. each.

Full particulars, Recipe Book, and Sample Free.
McCAW, STEVENSON & ORR, Ltd., Belfast, and at 31 & 32, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.
REFUSE IMITATIONS.

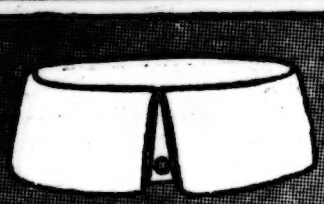
Hunyadi János

Nature's own inimitable remedy for Constipation, Biliousness and Disordered Digestion. Just as Nature creates it and intends it should be taken—it cures

CONSTIPATION

in a natural, easy, certain way. Inexpensive and effective. Try a bottle—and drink half a tumbler on arising.

The Famous NATURAL Aperient Water



SAVE LAUNDRY BILLS
BY USING
SNOWITE COLLARS
PARKERS of Lancaster

ASTHMA SUFFERERS.

Instant Relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of **Potter's Asthma Cure**, in 1/- Tins. Sold everywhere. For FREE SAMPLE send post card to POTTER & CLARKE, LTD., Artillery Lane, London, E. (Mention this Magazine.

Instant Relief.

Scott's D Pills

For Bilious and Liver Complaints

of all Chemists (in square green packet), 1/1½, 2/9 per box.

R. SCOTT'S PILLS

are the favourite prescription of a doctor who devoted practically a life's study to the liver and its ailments. They have no equal as a remedy for lack of energy, poor appetite, pain and distension after meals, dizziness, headache, indigestion and other results of a disordered liver.

RACING NOTES.

By W LOTINGA.

("*Larry Lynx*" *of* THE PEOPLE, "*Double U. L.*" *of* LOTINGA'S WEEKLY, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* THE GLOBE.)

Medley.

There are again rumours of a jockey ring, and hints that certain leading horsemen will not ride again next season for certain leading stables, as they are now doing.

It is not true, as the other jockeys think it ought to be, that R. Gordon is going to be "barred" as a jockey in the West country, where he wins nearly ALL the races.

A Strange Mistake.

There is an old-time fable as to how one of the owners of a famous stud abroad attended the Newmarket sales and at a fabulous price bought AS A SIRE, for his breeding establishment, a GELDING, not discovering what his purchase was until he got home. I very nearly tumbled into a similar error over Modena, who was sold to go to the West Indies for racing and subsequently for stud life there. In all the books he is given as a colt, and his trainer was not aware otherwise until the eve of shipment for the voyage, when the Vet.'s Certificate disclosed the mistake. The little horse was therefore retained here to jump hurdles, at which he is an adept, and will assuredly gain another minor event in the near future.

Prophetic.

Windsor, already half over, claims big entries among the same lot of horses—GREATOR may win the December Hurdle Handicap; whilst at Lingfield, if not already a winner during the week, WAVELAND should pick up one of the Hurdle Handicaps. UNDINE is the pick of the entry for the Cobham Plate, whilst I believe MODENA will about win the Crowhurst Selling Plate. On Saturday FRISCO can atone for his Newbury beating in the Ashdown Plate.

MR. BERT FRY.

We have received the following letter from Mr. Bert Fry, to which we readily give publicity—knowing him, as we do, to be a thoroughly respectable and straight-dealing man. It is now Mr. Doyle's turn to speak:

I beg to call your attention to the fact that in the issue of JOHN BULL of even date there appears an advertisement from a Mr. Doyle, in which he states that he is practically the only football accountant in Flushing, Holland, who paid out in full for the week ending November 26th. Furthermore, in a circular sent out broadcast by the party in question, he states that he was the *only* football accountant in *Flushing* who paid out *in full* on the above date.

I have to inform you that for that particular week, viz., Saturday, November 26th, in 48 hours I paid out to 968 football clients alone £1,545 14s. 5d., of which £1,266 14s. 5d. was paid by cheques, and £279 by postal orders.

I attach a copy of the certificate from the firm of Kirby and Stedman:—

> We have examined the accounts of Mr. Bert Fry for the week ended November 26th, 1910, and we hereby certify that the figures given above are correct.
>
> (Signed) KIRBY AND STEDMAN,
> Chartered Accountants.
>
> 4, Broad Street Buildings, London, E.C.

I will willingly forfeit to any Charity you like to name the sum of £1,000 if the above statement is not a true one.

Furthermore, Mr. Doyle, in his advertisement in your paper, states that he paid out £10,000 odd for the week in question.

I shall be pleased to forfeit £200 to any Charity if Mr. Doyle can prove to the editor of any responsible paper that he paid out £2,000, let alone £10,000.

MEN OF SPECIAL ABILITY

are the kind of men we want—men whose Special Knowledge or Special Aptitude fits them to occupy Responsible Positions in Technical, Clerical, Organising, or Travelling capacities. We have upon our lists hundreds of positions carrying salaries of from £150 to £1,000 a year—but positions which can only be filled by really High-Grade Men. If you are such a man, write us to-day—or call.

HAPGOODS Ltd., 167-168, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. Barton Arcade, 55, Deansgate, Manchester

BULBS Price list of Bulbs now ready. Cheap and good
Apply:—
CHARLES LEWIN CURTIS.
(88) Chatteris, Cambs.

"Over the Sticks."

DOUGLAS STUART,
OF
102-4, New Oxford Street, LONDON,
& FLUSHING, HOLLAND,

allows the same terms on every event throughout the

JUMPING SEASON

as have made his name world famous for Flat Racing.

NO LIMIT combined with Place Betting even when Favourite starts "ODDS ON."

Full Market Price Guaranteed.

Do your regular daily business with the firm of which "John Bull" said on September 10th, 1910, "We advise all our readers to support their fancies with Douglas Stuart."

SYSTEM SPECIALIST.
WITHOUT ANY COMMISSION.
Send a **DEPOSIT** *for* **ANY AMOUNT** *to*

DOUGLAS STUART,
FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

BERT FRY
FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

On Saturday, Nov. 26, 1910, I paid out to 968 FOOTBALL CLIENTS £1,545 4. 5 of which £1,266 14. 5. was paid by cheques and £279 by postal orders.

CERTIFICATE.

"We have examined the accounts of Mr. Bert Fry for the week ended 26th Nov., 1910, and we hereby certify that the figures given above are correct."
Signed, KIRBY & STEDMAN,
Chartered Accountants.
4, Broad Street Buildings, London, E.C.

CHALLENGE.

I, BERT FRY, will wager £100 to £2 or £1,000 to £20 that all the above statements are true in every respect. The money to be posted on both sides, in the hands of the Editor of the "Sportsman," "Sporting Life," or "Sporting Chronicle."

FOOTBALL or RACING

No Limit at Starting Price all the year round whether the favourite starts a odds on or not.
Doubles on Future Events absolutely without any limit

ROMANO'S
399, STRAND.
The Paradise of all good gourmets.

FOOTBALL FOOTBALL FOOTBALL

DO YOUR BUSINESS WITH THE WORLD'S PREMIER FOOTBALL ACCOUNTANTS . .

WHITE FISHER & CO.,

MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND.

(The Originators of the Long Card System.)

PICK WHERE YOU LIKE.

Over 55,000 Winning Coupons paid during last Season

We have been Established 14 Years

All new Clients should apply early for Rules, Lists, &c.

Bankers: BARCLAY & CO., WIBAUTS & CO. (Flushing).

"OUR INDIVIDUAL £50 PRIZE IS THE TALK OF THE FOOTBALL WORLD."

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE.
(39th Edition.)

Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers—

FARROW, GRAHAM & CO.,

(Successors to **Freeborn, Franklin & Co.** Established 1899)

1, Bank Street, Royal Exchange, Manchester.

GRESHAM LIFE OFFICE.

Founded 1848. Assets. £10,300,000

ENDOWMENT ASSURANCE POLICIES WITH CESSATION OF PREMIUMS DURING INCAPACITY

(TEMPORARY OR PERMANENT)

VERY MODERATE PREMIUMS

Head Office:

ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.

JAMES H. SCOTT, *General Manager.*

The Gresham Life Assurance Society, Limited.

JUNON HAIR STAIN. JUNON BATH MUSTARD. JUNON HAIR TONIC.

JUNON
Perfumed **Hair Tonic.**

Grateful, comforting, refreshing and invigorating—restores gloss and brilliancy—stops hair falling, nourishes and strengthens the roots—removes dandruff, positively makes the hair grow, is a beneficial and pleasant dressing for daily use.

Two kinds: Greasy for dry and brittle hair; Non-greasy for greasy hair. When ordering, state the condition of your hair as exactly as possible; also say whether you would prefer the tonic without perfume.

JUNON Hair Tonic should be used in conjunction with the JUNON Hair Stains; as, while it will quickly restore strength and vigour to the hair, it will not injure the effect of the stains in any way.

1/-, 2/6 & 4/9 a bottle.

JUNON
Permanent **Hair Stain.**

This is the only permanent and really satisfactory one-solution hair stain—absolutely harmless—perfectly natural tints—easily applied in one operation—defies detection—does not stain the Skin.

In Eight Standard Shades:

Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Chestnut, Golden Chestnut, Light Golden Chestnut, Golden, Light Golden.

If you wish to restore your grey or faded hairs to their natural colour, send us a clipping of your hair where it is not yet grey or faded—and we will match the stain exactly to it.

Full Directions with every Bottle.
Securely Packed in Plain Package.

1/-, 2/9 & 5/6 a bottle.

JUNON
Aromatic **Bath Mustard.**

Add it to your bath! Combines the medicinal and tonic properties of the time-honoured "mustard-bath" with water-softening and perfuming properties. Prevents chill after exposure—removes all signs of perspiration after exercise—alleviates rheumatic and muscular troubles—softens the hardest water and imparts a delicate aroma to the skin. Use it after golf, motoring, etc. You don't know how really refreshing and invigorating a bath can be, until you have tried a JUNON Bath-Mustard bath—it makes you feel FINE, even after the most exhausting day, and gives to the body that soothed, comfortable feeling that makes a good night's rest a certainty. Invaluable in all cases of Insomnia.

1/6, 2/6 & 3/6 a box.

JUNON Hair Tonic JUNON Bath Mustard

Obtainable of all Chemists, Stores and Dealers: or direct from the Manufacturers,

JUNON, LIMITED, 57, MARSHAM STREET, LONDON, S.W. J. P. & Co.

JUNON HAIR STAIN. JUNON BATH MUSTARD. JUNON HAIR TONIC.

WILLIAM BARNES,
FOOTBALL TOTALISATOR,
Goes, Holland.

Some Tote Odds, Dec. 3:—

5 Home Teams 9/1; 6 h.t 19/1; 7 h.t. 33/1; 8 h.t. 74/1; 9 h.t. 168/1. 4 Away Teams 87/1; 5 a.t. 109/1; 6 a.t. 218/1. 1 Draw 24/1.

Coupon and Tote-book sent free upon application.
(Mention this paper.)

Free Postage.

H. Hamilton & Co.,
FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

The oldest established reliable Football Accountants in Flushing.

FOOTBALL.

Send 1d. postcard for the most liberal Football price list issued. Absolutely every match in the Leagues to pick from. FREE POSTAGE.

£10 Free offer open to all clients.

H. Hamilton & Co.
FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

November 26th and December 3rd. We were one of the very few firms who paid out, in full, to all clients on the aforementioned dates.

What is Your Number?

Our Weekly Ballot for 50 Helpers at Two Guineas Apiece.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of TWO GUINEAS in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for the issues of September 10th, October 29th, and November 5th:—

J. E. STEPHENSON, Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, Canada. No. 26,408.—10th September.

N. PEACH, 17, Ashburnham Road, Bedford. No. 166,048.—23th October.

E. DARBY, The Dolphin Inn, Broadstairs, Kent. No. 44,542.—5th November.

F. DAWSON, c.o. Stationmaster, General Station, Chester. No. 250,711.—5th November.

WILLIAM PANSON, Grove Cottage, Healey Road, Ossett. No. 269,879.—5th November.

The following are the fifty numbers of our issue of November 19th:—

2405	87412	175613	287428	463479
17297	89463	181524	275572	468863
17495	99333	185609	308065	487063
19438	100980	188916	327404	516745
41358	108283	195774	343090	543278
53943	121351	198147	354749	567924
63747	137898	217898	384617	577058
68872	154253	226784	396838	592756
69394	155245	240208	400519	619872
71548	168372	243754	433647	643774

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED JANUARY 14TH (PUBLISHED JANUARY 12TH).

MRS. BULL.—"Now, JOHN, here's your Xmas present—a dozen EXCELDA Handkerchiefs."

JOHN.—"Thank you! my dear. I'm delighted—You couldn't have given me anything better."

EXCELDA
HANDKERCHIEFS

Soft as silk—very durable—pure white or dainty designs. Your friends will be delighted to receive a dozen EXCELDA Handkerchiefs for a Christmas Present.

A box containing one dozen Gent.'s EXCELDA Handkerchiefs will cost you only Six Shillings—and can be obtained from the Retail trade all over the Kingdom.

You must insist upon being supplied with the genuine EXCELDA. See the name EXCELDA on every box.

STEELE'S

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